

From the Christian Observer.

1. *Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême.* By Martha Walker Freer. Hurst and Blackett. 1854.
2. *Court and Reign of Francis I.* By Miss Pardoe. Bentley.

BEFORE the name of Luther was known in Germany, and some years before the great leader of Reform in France and Switzerland, Calvin, was born in Picardy, a lady of high rank gave birth to a child, in one of the central Provinces of France, who appeared little likely to influence the fortunes of her country, or to affect the course of the religious movement that was at hand. She was of high birth; for her father, Charles Count of Angoulême, descended in direct line from the French kings. Only one generation back, the Count of Angoulême was the younger son of the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Charles VI. At that time, as in later times, the house of Orleans possessed wealth and influence which made them the rivals, and almost the equals, of the reigning house of Valois. In the civil wars which for so long a period had distracted France, both the brothers, Charles Duke of Orleans and John Count of Angoulême, had met with reverses, and had suffered captivity in England. When the Count of Angoulême escaped from his English imprisonment, which in his case had been tedious and severe, he returned to his estate with a character improved by adversity; and when he died among the regrets of his vassals, he left to his son Charles diminished fortune, but a high fame. Warned by his father's example, Charles of Angoulême avoided the intrigues which embroiled the early years of Louis XI.; and when the unrelenting craft of Louis had extricated himself from these, the Count of Angoulême received the reward of his forbearance, in the government of Guienne, while his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, less wary and more ambitious, was first subdued, and then bound to keep the peace, by a compulsory marriage with Louis' sickly daughter, Jane of France. Unhappily for the Count of Angoulême, this forbearance only continued during the lifetime of Louis; and when his death again set free

the turbulent elements, there ensued a civil war of six years' duration, under the Regency of Louis' eldest daughter Anne, under whose masculine guidance the rights of the young Charles VIII. were maintained against his ambitious nobles. Into these conspiracies the Count of Angoulême was drawn, along with the Duke of Brittany, the Duke of Alençon, the Duke of Bourbon, through the persuasion of the Duke of Orleans; but when the struggle was over, Brittany detached, and its heiress Anne married in 1491 to Charles VIII., the Duke of Orleans, though the more criminal, recovered the Royal favor and his place at Court, while the Count of Angoulême was left under a cloud of Royal displeasure, to live at his castle of Angoulême. There, however, he found, as his father had done, a more healthy interest in promoting the industry of his vassals; and he prevailed on the Duke of Savoy's eldest daughter, Louisa, though twenty years his junior, and of great attractions and high prospects, to unite her fortunes with his. The marriage, while it lasted, was happy; their life of retirement was one of usefulness; and in the spring of 1492, in the castle of Angoulême, Louisa, at the early age of sixteen, gave birth to a daughter, whose history it will be our task to record. The story of her fortunes is not only agreeable, as marking with a streak of light the stormy sky of French politics; but, inasmuch as it reveals in high places, as in humbler walks, characters which, trodden under foot and lost to view in the crowded movements of history, are yet, when we approach them, well worth notice, and throw over the dusty and often miry highway of politics the beauty and fragrance of private virtue.

The first years of Marguerite, for such was the name given to the child, were spent partly in the castle of Angoulême, and partly in the retired chateau of Cognac, where, two years later, her brother Francis was born. But little more than a year brought a sudden change to the prospects of the monarch in France, and one no less melancholy to the family of Angoulême. The prospects of Charles VIII. were brilliant—a king in the prime of life,

with two sons born to him, and the promise of a successful reign; but the death of his sons darkened his fortunes; though the ambitious hopes which this event might have raised in the Countess of Angoulême were overthrown, almost at the same moment, by the death of her husband in the vigor of his years. Thus the Countess of Angoulême found herself, at the age of twenty, a widow, with two children—a girl of four years old, and a boy in his fifteenth month. But the death of Charles VIII., in the spring of 1498, materially changed her position; and when the Duke of Orleans, childless himself, ascended the throne as Louis XII., the young Francis rose at once to the highest fortunes in Europe, one of the first Princes of the Blood, and the heir presumptive to the throne of France. The cloud which up to this time had hung over the prospects of the family, now cleared away; and when Louis welcomed the Countess at Chinon, and was attracted by the singular beauty and promise of her children, it seemed as if the only hazard to be feared for both was from the dazzling splendor of their destiny. Against this, in her daughter's case, the Countess took wise precautions. She placed Marguerite under the charge of Madame de Chatillon, a lady well fitted for the office, and who seems to have discharged its duties with fidelity as well as gentleness. The divorce of Louis XII. from his unfortunate wife, and his marriage with Anne of Brittany, the widow of Charles VIII., was the first cloud on these prospects; and was the means of driving the Countess of Angoulême from the Court, where her pride placed her in open collision with the Queen. But Louis retained his interest in her children. He provided for Francis a superior education, placed him at Amboise, and surrounded him with companions chosen from the highest families of France, and who rose to eminence in their after-life; the most distinguished being Gaston de Foix, Charles de Montpensier (afterwards the Constable de Bourbon), and Montmorency. Marguerite, who was devotedly attached to her brother, and lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy, thus became, in her earliest youth, the centre of a brilliant circle, of which her singular beauty, no less than her qualities of mind, made her the idol. So much were these qualities marked, that, when Louis entered into an unsuccessful negotiation with Henry VII. of

England, for the marriage of Marguerite with his son, the French courtier spoke even thus early in terms of admiration of the beauty and wit of a girl who had only reached the age of ten. Moved by these attractions, the Queen of France relaxed her enmity, and treated Marguerite with fondness; and, under the guidance of her faithful governess, she learned a yet better lesson—to consider acts of relief to the sufferer and deeds of kindness to the poor, among the highest duties of her station. Nor was there wanting in her demeanor that meekness and gentle thoughtfulness which made the bystanders feel that she was influenced by higher motives, and that thoughts beyond her years were at work in her. Louisa, great as were her faults, gave herself devotedly to the education of her children, and her care was repaid by them with an attachment which never abated, and which Francis' elevation to the throne did not affect. So long as his mother lived, he remained dutifully bound to her, relied on her affection, and placed entire confidence in her counsel. Marguerite's influence over her brother was of a different kind. From their earliest years they had lived together with common tastes and pursuits. It was Marguerite who inspired her brother with admiration for art. She gave him that love of letters which he afterwards displayed on the throne; and in their daily walks, hand in hand through the woods of Amboise, the ardent girl communicated to him lessons of wisdom which, though overborne by the passions to which he abandoned himself, filled him at least with respect for virtue, and gave to his chivalrous character a tinge of courtesy which prompted him to many noble acts, and won for him the hearts of his countrymen. Louis unhappily showed his interest in his young relatives, in a way to which kings were then prone, by providing them with marriages. Francis he betrothed to his daughter Claude—a gentle girl, who became a devoted wife. The hand of his favorite Marguerite, Louis bestowed on the Duke of Alençon, who, though suited in age and station, was sullen in temper, unattractive in manners, and unable to sympathize in the tastes of his accomplished wife. Sadly, at the bright age of seventeen, Marguerite left the enchanted circle of Amboise for the solitude of Argentan in Normandy, and the companionship of an inferior mind. Still, though

we find in these circumstances an excuse, we do not present them as a justification. Though her affections were not consulted, her duty was before her; and had it been discharged, it would have brought its recompenses. Her husband was attached to her, and had she cultivated his affections, she would have found in them the elevation of his character and the discipline of her own; besides, as she looked from the castle-terrace, which hung over the Orne, all round her lay fields of duty which invited, and would have repaid, her care. Under the kindly rule of the Duke of Alençon the Norman peasantry had prospered, and there was not a yeoman's house or a cottage hearth where the visits of Marguerite would not have been welcome. Unhappily, though courteous to all, and accessible to every sufferer, she could not reconcile herself to the new life on which she had entered. She contrasted her former freedom with her present life of restraint, and that joyous circle with her now joyless retirement. Therefore from duties which surrounded her she turned to seek a selfish pleasure in the excitement of literary pursuits. Her own conduct, indeed, was irreproachable; nor even in that licentious age did the breath of slander throw on her the most passing stain. But the tales of fiction which she then wrote, and by which she sought the sympathies of the circle in which she had moved, distinguished as they were by wit and satire, and on that account rapturously applauded, described scenes with which it is difficult to imagine that a pure mind could be familiar, in colors which she seems to have intended to heighten the contrast with virtue, but which served to give prominence and interest to vice. The *Tales of the Heptameron* are a singular compound of religious thought and moral reflections, with the licentious portraits of a scandalous society. Whatever be their talent, they have left a blot on Marguerite's name.

The death of Anne of Brittany, followed rapidly by the marriage of Louis XII. with the sister of Henry VIII., and then by the King's death on the 1st of January, 1515, changed the position of Marguerite. These events raised her brother Francis to the throne of France, and restored her to the Court. For the Duke of Alençon could not venture to bury in the country attractions which were the admiration of the Court, nor could he withhold from the Royal circle one whom

Francis caressed with peculiar affection. Marguerite indeed showed her sense of her husband's kindness, by obtaining for him high appointments; but her affections seem to have been fixed on Francis and her mother, and in their interests her thoughts were absorbed. She now reverted with increased delight to the literary society in which she had always taken an interest. But while literature was thus reviving, and shedding its light around it, the moral character of the Court of Francis I. was thoroughly depraved, and supplied to the nation a fatal example. For then arose those habits of royal splendor and voluptuous indulgence, which marked the French Court from this period till it plunged, under a hurricane of horrors, into the gulf of the French Revolution.

Francis brought to the throne many generous dispositions, but he had plunged from his early years into the worst dissipations of Paris; and, unchecked by his mother — perhaps, indeed, after he reached the throne, encouraged by her — he indulged every passion as it rose, and gilded with graceful manners and chivalrous courtesy the license of an evil life. His mother, who was still young, and of personal attractions, sought admiration and exposed herself to scandal. But ambition was her ruling passion, and her eager desire was to control the conduct of public affairs. Gathering, therefore, into her circle the youth and rank of France, she placed before her son every temptation which female art and beauty could offer: trusting that while he was thus enthralled, she might retain in her hands the reins of power. The only bright spot on which the eye rests with pleasure was the circle in which moved the neglected Queen of Francis. Forsaken by her husband, but unchanging in her affection, she watched anxiously over the conduct of those who surrounded her, and over the innocent years of her children.

Into this dangerous Court circle Marguerite was thrown. Unprotected by her husband's presence; unguarded by the best safeguard, the confidence of wedded affection; and admitted — nay, from her station, compelled to enter the inmost recesses of that labyrinth of evil; and, as though more effectually to mislead her, and veil to her eyes the virulence of moral depravity, there was thrown over the circle in which she moved the drapery of

art and taste and letters, and the brilliant gilding of the most chivalrous politeness. These had continued down to these times; and Francis was at pains to give them fresh life, in the warlike encounters and pastimes of the age — full of that picturesque chivalry which now blazed for a time before it finally disappeared. The gorgeous equipments of war, the plumed cap and lance and burnished coat of mail, the splendid dresses of the courtiers, the fanciful accoutrements for the chase, suited well the martial gatherings of warriors who met in the castle-yard of Amboise, before they swept in brilliant array across the Alps, hurled back the Swiss at Marignano, or plunged through rocks and defiles of the Alps into the valleys of Piedmont. Nor less did they comport with the stately procession, when royal litters bore to the altar princesses in robes of cloth of silver blazoned with jewels, and palfreys carried on their sparkling housings courtly dames, in brilliant march from St. Denis to the borders of the Seine; or when on the plain between Guisnes and Ardres, the pomp and chivalry of England and France unrolled their rival splendor; or when the gloomy streets of Moulins were lighted up by the princely wealth of Bourbon; or in the mimic warfare, where the royal hunt filled with note of horn the deep forest of St. Germain, or issued gayly from the grim walls of Chambord across its sandy plain, to lose themselves in the glades of the forest of Bussey.

There had been a commencement of the reviving taste for letters under the reign of Louis XII.; and Francis, following the example of his predecessor, improved upon it. Men of learning were by him eagerly sought out and patronized. To Erasmus he made princely offers, if he would establish himself in Paris, and take the charge of the college which Francis desired to found. He drew from Italy the famous Leonardo da Vinci, and employed his hand in decorating the castle of Chambord. Everywhere, in Blois and Amboise and in Paris, arose those splendid buildings which still bespeak, by the Salamander (Francis' device), his taste; and which supplanted the older castles and introduced the later architecture of France; while the decorations, the tapestry and hangings, jewelry and plate, displayed the power of France in copying the arts which then inaugurated the renaissance of Italy. And

with such success was this introduced, that when Lorenzo de Medici, leaving that Architecture and Painting for which his native Florence was then famous, Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's marble tower, Michael Angelo's cartoon and Raphael's rising fame — even he wondered, as he beheld on the banks of the Loire taste and art, lavished with exquisite skill, under the emblazoned canopy of velvet studded with blue and gold, which filled the court-yard of Amboise; where light, reflected on jewelled vest and diamond head-dress and thrown back from masses of gorgeous plate, revealed to him a circle of far-famed knights and courtly dames, who gathered round him as he held the infant Dauphin at the font in the glittering chapel of Amboise.

Of this gay Court Marguerite was the idol. The homage of all was paid to her; enhanced by her high rank, but won by her wit and charms, and rendered warmer by that grace of manner and affability of deportment which charmed all hearts. In this giddy circle, in its day of license, she composed her *Tales*. Through it she moved amidst the perils of her splendid beauty. At her feet lay the chivalry and the genius of France, by whom she was addressed, in verse and prose, in accents of humble devotion; and if through this scene she passed, unaffected we can hardly say, but at least untainted, we shall feel assured that it was by no strength of hers she escaped the fiery ordeal; and that the historian can tell of her with truth, that, almost alone among the admired objects of the Court, she kept unbroken her plighted troth, and held in purity her wedded name. The testimony borne to Marguerite in the quaint chronicles of the day is always the same. Her mother's character inspired fear, whilst hers awakened love. Courteous, of easy access and winning gentleness, she was the resort of all who suffered — the injured to recount their wrongs, the needy to ask relief. Nor was her sympathy ever withheld from poverty and distress. Leading a life which prompted to self-indulgence, she had a heart open to the cry of the oppressed; and she was always ready to relieve the wants of the poor. To her mother and to Francis she was bound by the ties of a close affection, which childhood had formed, and which no change disturbed. This "trinity of affection," as they fancifully termed it, bore un-



impaired the wear of life and the shock of events; and on the faults of Francis' character, and the dissipation of his habits, this pure affection exerted a restraining power.

Marguerite's submission to her mother is a beautiful feature of her character; and though her influence at Court was great, it was obtained so purely, and so unselfishly exerted, that the jealous Louisa never took umbrage at it; but while grasping in her own hands the reins of power, she left to her daughter that moral sway over the King and Court which she gained and held by her attractions. Over Francis, indeed, the influence of Marguerite was great; and we shall see how beneficially it was exerted. It was, no doubt, cherished and perpetuated by her feelings of dutiful submission. The respect for the Royal office was in these days unbounded. Mixed with feelings of pious reverence, it was second, if indeed second, to superstition; and it raised the authority of a king to a position hardly short of Divinity. This should be borne in mind when we judge of the acts of those who surrounded Royalty. In the letters as well as in the life of Marguerite, we strongly trace this feeling; and it explains her actions even where we may think it hardly justifies them. It is impossible to deny that Marguerite yielded to the Royal wishes of her brother a submission which, if not thus explained, would appear humiliating, as it led her to pass uncondemned acts of his which were deeply wrong. On one point the minds of Francis and his sister were in entire unison, the love of learning. Marguerite's mind, indeed, had been more fully cultivated than that of Francis, and was imbued with greater knowledge and a juster appreciation of art. Indeed, the female mind of France and England of this period was often more highly educated than that of men of rank. Francis, however, had learned from his sister to admire learning, and his ambition was to be distinguished as the patron of men of genius. For the first time in the Court of France its men of science were received on equal terms with the nobility; and the proudest barons had to give place while Francis and Marguerite lavished their attentions on Duchatel and the learned Budée, on Lascaris and Du Bellay. Clement Marot, then rising to distinction as a Poet, was taken into the King's service, and transferred by Francis, as his highest reward, to

wait upon Marguerite, to whom he henceforth devoted his muse. Erasmus, as I have said, was invited to Paris. Cop, the friend of Erasmus, became the King's physician. Petit, no less learned, was appointed his confessor. Duchatel, eminent as a scholar, he preferred in the Church. The erudite Pellicier he made a Privy Councillor. Danés he employed on important missions. The profound Budée he made his Librarian. And of the three brothers Du Bellay, two, who were warriors but fond of literature, were distinguished by his personal esteem; and the third, Jean Du Bellay, a scholar and literat, he promoted to the Bishopric of Bayonne, and of Paris. He placed eminent Italians in the chairs of the Royal College; he attracted and secured the Greek Lascaris; he patronized Guilio Romano and Andrea del Sarto; he watched with respectful veneration the declining years of Leonardo da Vinci, and in the arms of the proud monarch the aged painter died. Marguerite was enabled to gratify her generous dispositions by the princely revenues of the dukedom of Berri, which Francis gave her; and at Bourges, the capital of the dukedom, where there was a University of some note, a Refuge was opened for men of learning and worth. But the attention of Marguerite was now turned to a subject which henceforth colored her life, and directed her tastes into a new channel. While she was moving among the circles of the Court, the object of general admiration, and while she answered the repartees or poetry of men of genius, in wit and verse as polished as their own, she had entered on a course of thought which was maturing the better dispositions of her heart, and throwing open to her higher objects of interest. These tendencies, while yet in their infancy, had attracted the notice of the Court; the taste of Francis had introduced devices, adopted as symbols of the chief bias of the individual. It was remarked, that Marguerite selected for herself a sunflower, — as this flower, says the quaint Brantôme, who thus interprets her thoughts, "turns from all parts to where the sun moves, — to signify that the Princess directed all her actions, thoughts, will, and affections, towards that great Sun, which is God." But in truth, in the period of her most thoughtless gayety, and in the expression of her most questionable wit, she had shown the feelings which were then working

in her heart. For in the Preface of the "Heptameron" she had drawn, under the character of Dame Orsille, her own youthful habits; and the study of Scripture daily on rising, the singing of Psalms, retirement before supper for study and meditation, and the closing the day in retrospect and confession, are sketched as the practice of the youthful Princess. And with these dispositions, Marguerite gathered around her all who, in the Court of Francis, were noted for virtue; and these were not wanting, for Francis esteemed goodness, and delighted to see his sister surrounded by ladies of character. One of these she found in her near relative, Philiberta of Savoy. Several were placed by her in her own service; and it is interesting to remember, that for a short time Anne Boleyn was one of her maids of honor. With the pure-minded Queen, Marguerite lived in terms of the closest affection; and when, as was soon the case, heavy trials fell upon the royal family, she was always sent for as the comforter and friend. Indeed, these traits of her character which now attract our notice, would deserve a fuller history. They are to be found in the letters of friendship, which passed between her and her venerable friend, Baron Montmorency, which were continued in the years 1522, 1523, and 1524, and which detail to her the news of the Court, at least of such matters as interested both. But we look in vain in these for notices of courtly fêtes, royal progresses, and splendid tournaments. In these, indeed, the Princess bore her part, and was always prominent; but when she writes to her old friend of the things of which her heart was full, it is of those events which interested her affections: of the sick-bed of her mother, by which she was watching, of her long debility and sudden relapse, of the sickness of the Queen, of the symptoms of decline showing themselves in the elder Princess, and the dangerous illness of the young Duke d'Angoulême, of the then darkening fortunes of the King, and the clouds gathering on the horizon of France, the storm on the Flemish frontier, the shock of Bourbon treason, the tempests falling on the plains of the Milanese. In these intimate notices, and the brief glimpses which they give us of the Court, we learn that, whilst it met in gloom at St. Germain en Laye, when Francis was anxious and perplexed, and the strong mind of his mother was cast down, and sickness broke her health and threatened the favorite children of the King, and the mirth which had been so blithe at Amboise was now silenced; Marguerite moved through the darkened circle as much its light and charm as she had been in its brightest hours. In the year 1524

the domestic sorrows of the Royal family thickened. Philiberta of Savoy, to whom Marguerite was greatly attached, died; the Queen was sinking in a decline; and the eldest Princess sickened. At this time Marguerite was the active minister of comfort; and, though her own heart was bleeding, she suppressed her emotions, that she might console others. On the Queen's death, her letters, to which we must content ourselves with referring (see *Life*, vol. i. p. 231), are full of interest. Perhaps, however, the mingled strength and tenderness of her character were brought out more fully during the illness of the young Princess, which followed the Queen's death, and which happened at the same time with the invasion of Provence, the distracting anxieties of the King, and the severe illness of Madame (her mother), who lay at Herbault incapable of effort. Francis, touched by the death of his uncomplaining Queen, and anxious for the safety of his children, was struggling against the combined forces of Bourbon and Pescara. Royal orders, summons for help, missives to his mother, hurried along the road from Provence to Lyons, and from Lyons to Paris.

At this crisis, when the masculine mind of Madame was powerless, Marguerite, while she soothed her sick bed and watched over her niece who was languishing at Blois, superintended the execution of the Royal orders. Not one moment did her energy lose its nerve, or her sympathy abate its tenderness. Constant at Herbault and at Blois, as if she were the only nurse, she concealed from the King these anxieties, and, hurrying on the Royal messenger, she sent back to him the supplies which he required; and when the young Princess died, she breaks to him with the utmost tenderness the intelligence, and sustains both the mind of her brother and the spirits of Madame by her strong consolations.

The secret spring of this calm energy is laid open to us, not only in the hymns of sorrow in which she pours forth her regrets, but in the letters which, addressed to the Baron de Montmorency, discover more and more, as they advance, the deep sentiments of piety; and still more fully in the letters which passed between her and the Bishop of Meaux, who became at this period of her life her religious adviser. In these letters, and in the "Miroir de l'Ame Pecheresse," which gives in verse the workings and conflicts of sincere faith, we are struck to find in the heart of a Court in France, in the bosom of the Romish Church, a strength and clearness of piety which any one might admire. These incidents, so anomalous and remarkable, lead us to ask — what were the

religious feelings then in progress in France, and what was the current of thought and feeling which issued in such results?

The revival of classical learning, which had followed the capture of Constantinople in 1453, had been felt in France as well as in Italy; in the University of Paris, no less than in that of Padua. The University of Paris rose rapidly to distinction in letters. It became, in 1473, so celebrated for Greek and Hebrew, that Erasmus pursued his studies there, and that the Margrave of Baden, committing his sons to the charge of the learned Reuchlin, sent them for instruction to Paris. Already the heads of the Sorbonne had noticed with alarm the spirit of inquiry which these studies had awakened; and, while curiosity and intelligence were thus rising, the Church of Rome, strong, and unconscious of change, was scandalizing Europe by that display of Papal license and crime which the lives of Innocent VIII., Julius, and Alexander VI. represent and recall. To this were added, in France itself, the lax conduct of the French prelates, as wanton in morals as haughty in their arrogance, offending the inferior clergy and disgusting the people. And, before the death of Louis XII. the Pope's Supremacy, reasserted by Ultra-Montane writers, was by learned men in Paris, with the sympathies of France, again openly denied. Thus, before Luther had begun his inquiries, the movement of Reform had commenced within France. In the middle of the fifteenth century there was born in the town of Etampes, in Picardy, a boy of the name of Jacques Lefevre, of humble birth, but who worked his way, by learning and eloquence, till he became Professor of one of the chairs in the University. He was approved by the Church for his austerities, and his ceremonial observances were punctilious. He was beloved by the students, who admired his learning and eloquence, but who were still more taken by his gentle manners and humble kindness. Whenever he delivered Prelections, the hall of the University was crowded. Among his most attentive disciples was a lad who came from the opposite corner of France, born in the same Province, Dauphiné, with the celebrated Bayard. The Province thus sending from its rocks and mountains at once the bravest knight to close the age of French chivalry, and one of the boldest inquirers to inaugurate French Reform. The young Farel attached himself to Lefevre with great earnestness. He attended his lectures, and participated in his devotions; knelt before him as he elevated the Host, and joined him in his supplication to the Virgin. Never were more fervent prayers offered to her and to the saints, than those which the aged teacher

and his disciple poured forth. But these devotions did not satisfy Lefevre, nor was his conscience appeased. After ransacking the legends of saints, which disappointed and wearied him, he turned with impatience to the Scriptures, which his knowledge of the learned languages threw open to him. There he learned truth; and, with the singleness of a simple mind, he taught it, and proclaimed to his pupils the truths which he discovered in the Bible. The Sorbonne started at the sound of these new doctrines. The young, the curious, the bold crowded to listen; but the old and bigoted were scandalized. Charges of heresy were soon brought, judgment against Lefevre was given by the Sorbonne, Parliament hastened to prosecute him; but at this crisis another influence interposed, which for a time diverted the storm.

The French Church had early asserted its national independence. More than a century before, one of its leading authorities had boldly asserted its rights. It had denied the supremacy of the Pope, and declared him subject to a Council. It had recorded its own immunities and rights of independent nomination in the Pragmatic Sanction, — a Charter which even Louis IX., with all his superstition, had spared. But Francis, anxious on political grounds to conciliate the Pope, and eager to enrich the Crown, had made a compact with Rome which sacrificed the Charter, and divided the profit of nomination to ecclesiastical benefices between the Pope and the Crown. This Concordat, unpopular in France, was furiously resisted by the Sorbonne and by Parliament; and the struggle which ensued at this very time, and which was only closed by the violent registry of the Concordat, produced a deep enmity between the King and the Parliament, and made each eager to thwart and mortify the other. Thus, while the new Reform doctrines were just beginning to spread through France, the disputes between the King and the Parliament had reached a height which made the King peculiarly anxious to depress the Parliament; and when they took it on them to accuse individuals of heresy, it was easy to represent this as a fresh proof of the insolent aggressions of the Parliament, and an evidence of their vulgar hostility to the progress of learning.

When Marguerite, therefore, interceded in behalf of Lefevre, Francis interfered peremptorily and stopped the process against him. Under the shield of this protection, Reformed Truth made its way in the University; but it was obtaining a more remarkable conquest in the Court. The palace of the Tournelles, on the Seine, yielded to Reform a trophy as remarkable as the gloomy courts of the Sorbonne. For truth, though by slow

degrees, yet firmly, had taken possession of the mind of Marguerite, who had at length found a resting-place for her feelings, and an object worthy to fill her unsatisfied heart. Her knowledge of the learned languages enabled her to study the Scriptures in the original; and in Fontainebleau as well as in Blois, Francis had collected a library worthy of a king. But though Marguerite consulted other books, she returned to the Scriptures; and read them, bewildered at first by doctrines laid down so plainly as to prevent all doubt, yet so little in unison with what she heard in her Church that she was unable to reconcile them. Happily, while perplexed with this inconsistency, she found help from one who, owing to his high position in the Church, had access to the Court. The Bishop of Meaux, Briconnet, was a man of considerable talents and high connection. Employed by Louis XII. on embassies of importance, he might have pushed his way to higher fortunes; but having no taste for the pomps and intrigues of the Court, he lived contented in his Diocese, distinguished as a man of worth and a scholar. He was indeed of a very different temper from the celebrated Bossuet, known afterwards as the Eagle of Meaux; for he was humble, and his nature timid, and his resolutions, as he too sadly showed, were wavering and unstable; but he had a sincere respect for virtue, and a love of truth. He was struck, on his return from Rome, by the stir which the new doctrines preached by Lefevre were occasioning in the Sorbonne; and, having his attention called to the disputes, and desirous to understand their cause, he sent for Lefevre, and humbly sat down with him to the study of the Bible. In these studies, he discovered his errors; and his humble confession, "I am in darkness, waiting the grace of the Divine goodness, from which I am exiled by my demerits," marks the character of his simple and gentle mind. That this resulted in a change of feeling and conduct there is no doubt. He showed this as a Bishop; he awoke to a sense of his duty, and, notwithstanding his timidity, and the violent hostility of his clergy, he instituted searching visitations of his diocese, denounced and put down the malpractices of his priests, and boldly preached in his cathedral the truths which he had begun to learn and love. With prophetic faithfulness he warned his hearers not to desert the truths which he taught them, even if he should prove a recreant, and if his lips should be brought to disown them. He welcomed the Reformers to his town, and Meaux became a refuge for Lefevre and Farel, when driven from Paris. Briconnet, indeed never seems to have contemplated the idea of separation from the Church of Rome. His

hope was to reform her. But as his temper shrunk from collision, he was little fitted to encounter the attacks of leaders who hated him for his piety, and were indignant at the novelties which he sanctioned. Hanging thus between two courses, he fell into the fate of wavering minds, and was driven by firmer and more unscrupulous men to conceal, first, and then desert, his own convictions, and to discountenance in others what he felt to be true; illustrating in his own case what is often noticed in the Church of Rome, that personal devotion, if submissive and unobtrusive, may be suffered, from its obscurity, to live: but if it dares to become ostensible and active, it is resolutely put down. Such a Church offers only the choice of exile or martyrdom; and thus we may understand and pity the weakness of Briconnet, who read the Bible with Lefevre, and yet quailed before the ferocious Beda.

But however unstable was his after-course, his early convictions were of infinite use to Marguerite. His position placed him in communication with her, and to him she resorted for advice and for explanation. An active correspondence was carried on between them for several years, marked, on the good Bishop's part, by quaint fancies and mystical conceits, but breathing on both sides a spirit of earnest piety which it is pleasant to trace. From scenes of splendor and distractions of war we turn to these letters, and find the Princess entreating the Bishop's prayers for her brother's arms, and his spiritual aid for herself; calling on him to exhort her to the love of God, that she might rise above earthly cares, and to solicit for her Divine grace, that her wavering steps might be upheld. The Bishop's answers show the lessons which Marguerite valued, and her own letters reveal a piety as humble as it was genuine.\*

For her encouragement, the Princess prevailed on the Bishop to allow his Chaplain, Michel d'Arande, to visit the Court; and his preaching and conversation influenced many, and even reached, through Marguerite's intervention, the ambitious mind of her mother. The Tracts also of Lefevre were at this time widely circulated, and had influence among some of the higher classes. But the mind most swayed by them was that of the Princess; for when reverses came, and persecution fell upon the Reformers, she remained firm, and exerted in their behalf the influence which she possessed with the King. In 1521, the Sorbonne tried to drive Lefevre from his chair. By Marguerite's means, Francis interposed; but as the excitement increased, and Lefevre, having taken refuge at Meaux,

\* See the Letters, vol. i., pp. 170 — 175.



was charged with heresy and his writings condemned, Marguerite hastened to encourage Briconnet, and interfered to save Lefevre. She prevailed on the King to issue a Commission to review the procès of the Sorbonne, which ended in acquitting Lefevre, and clearing his writings from the charge of heresy; and, whilst he was thus set free to propagate his views, Marguerite procured his nomination to the post of Royal Librarian at Blois, and to the still more important duty of Preceptor to the King's youngest son.

Briconnet did not imitate the firmness of Marguerite. He dared not face his vindictive enemies. To propitiate them, he agreed to dismiss the Reformers; and their dispersion through France was at this period useful to Reform. Marguerite took into her own service the faithful Michel d'Arande; and when the Parliament, at the instance of the Sorbonne, imprisoned one of the King's guard, Louis Berquin — whose offence was, that, through the study of the Bible and the Lutheran writings, he had reformed his life — she appealed to Francis and procured his release. During the trials of 1524, Marguerite's correspondence with the Bishop of Meaux continued, and was one of her chief sources of comfort. We find her imploring the Bishop's prayers from her mother's sick-bed, and from the death-bed of her niece; and the strength which enabled her to comfort others is ascribed throughout her letters to its true source, in terms of thankful praise. But the demands of war and public events soon came to check Marguerite's influence, and to disorder the march of the Reformation in France. It has followed, throughout the French history, a broken course; at times advancing and promising, then sharply and suddenly checked — never suffered altogether to stop, but never long allowed to make progress. At this time its prospects were favorable; the King's sister was attached to it; the Regent tolerant; the King, the patron of letters, discountenanced persecution. But the tide of events brought on a change; and Rome, with steady hand and watchful eye, used the incidents of politics to secure her spiritual dominion.

During the pressure of the Italian war, Louis, who was then Regent, felt the necessity of conciliating the Parliament of Paris, and of attaching to her that large ecclesiastical Party which was becoming more defined in France. And as the pressure grew, and events threatened, and France, wading into further difficulties, needed foreign alliances, and required in Italy the influence of the Pope, it more and more appeared how unequal was the contest between the Reformers and their opponents. The former could not compromise, or even conceal, their convic-

tions; the latter, indignant and alarmed, hastened to crush them. The Reformers were therefore driven from Paris; and expelled from Meaux; but they took shelter, under the protection of Marguerite, in the precincts of the Court. While the Court was at Lyons, Michel d'Arande preached regularly in the church of St. Pauline; and that spirit of inquiry was implanted in that great city which has endured, and been revived with new vigor in our own day. Higher up the Saone, at Maçon, Marguerite's Almoner preached; and at Grenoble a Reformed church was established. The monks of Grenoble and the Dominicans of Lyons combined to rouse the civil authorities, and procured the arrest of the daring preachers; but for the time, Marguerite's influence prevailed. Her mother's disposition was tolerant, and her affection for her daughter was extreme. The preachers were saved; and the Reformed Church of Lyons expressed their grateful joy, saying, "Maigret is taken, but, God be praised, Madame d'Alençon is here."

But the sky was soon overcast by the thick clouds which now gathered on the French horizon. The three sovereigns who marked this epoch in Europe, were placed, by the course of events, in close relation with Reform. Henry VIII. of England became, through his passions and the errors of the Papal policy, its friend. Charles V. was drawn by ambition to forbear and to temporize with it, till Reform became too strong for him to eradicate. The position of Francis was different; and if Reform gained time to spread, it was due mainly to Francis' taste for letters, and to his affection for his sister. Had France indeed remained prosperous, there was every prospect of the establishment of Reform. The taste for letters had increased, and the spirit of inquiry was active. The Prelates were discredited by their vices, the Priesthood by their ignorance. The Sorbonne was odious to the Court from its bigotry, and the Parliament from its independence. Francis, of literary taste, and fond of distinction, courted men of letters, and men of letters like Erasmus favored Reform. Thus in 1516, when Francis, after his victory at Marignano, he had occupied the Milanese; and when, in 1518, by his triumph over his Parliament, he had secured the Concordat, he gave himself up to a life of courtly pleasure, during which he protected and tolerated opinions. But when, after his unsuccessful competition for the Empire, he threw France, in a fit of mortified vanity, into an unequal contest with Spain, with his exchequer drained by luxury, his people disgusted by exactions, some of his nobles offended by his favorites, others estranged by the passions of his mother, he entered upon

a contest in which disaster rapidly followed disaster, — the loss of the Milanese by Lautrec; the treason of Bourbon; the retreat at Novara, and the death of Bayard, through the blunders of Bonnivet. Thus, in 1524, the invasion of the frontier of Provence by Bourbon and the Italian troops; of the frontier of the Pyrenees by Spain; the assault of the Germans through Franche Comté, and the Duke of Norfolk in full march from Calais on Paris, — led on to the crowning calamity of the defeat and capture of Francis, and the fall of his best troops on the fatal field of Pavia. On that field fell the bravest knights and the oldest generals of France — the gallant De la Pole, and the veteran La Palice, and Lescun, and D'Aubigny, and the brave La Trimouille, and the arrogant Bonnivet. Montmorency and the King of Navarre were made prisoners; and Francis, gallantly fighting, wounded, unhorsed and hurled to the ground, was only saved from death by the interposition of one of his revolted subjects. Now sadly from his Italian prison he addressed to his mother his cry of sorrow and despondency. It is at this epoch, in February, 1525, that we resume the fortunes of the French Reformers, and the history of Marguerite. The weight of this tremendous blow almost crushed the firm mind of the Queen-Mother. With prophetic foreboding she had entreated Francis not to cross the Alps, and commit his person to the hazards of war. "Hélas!" she exclaimed, in the depth of her anguish, "il ne m'a voulu croire; ah! que je lui avois tant dit! que ne m'a-t-il cru, car mes craintes me prédisaient toutes ces malheurs."

"It cannot be related," says the chronicler Moreau, "what lamentations were made and tears were shed by that noble lady, the mother of the King, after she heard the piteous news that her very dear and only son, the very Christian King Francis, first of that name, was taken, and subjected to the will of his vassal and greatest enemy. O! how numberless were the grievous exclamations made by the said lady, afterwards also by Mad. Marguerite, her only daughter, and by the ladies, demoiselles, princes, dukes, barons, and by all the courtiers likewise. The same mournings were made by the people of Lyons, and the wailing was so great that scarce could it be appeased."

On every side, indeed, the disasters seemed to be overwhelming — the finest army scattered; its best generals fallen; the ministers of Louis odious; her own character unpopular, and her past conduct justly censured. Divided, exhausted, and sullen, the country lay helpless, without force or friends.

But, whilst the mind of the Regent thus gave way, the buoyant constancy of Mar-

guerite was called into action. She had to rouse and comfort her mother, though she was herself weighed down by private and peculiar sorrows. Her husband, the Duke d'Alençon, had been entrusted with the command of a division in the battle of Pavia. Struck by panic in the crisis of the battle, when he should have advanced to rescue Francis, he sought safety by retreat; and now, dishonored and despised by his troops, he was returning by slow marches to Lyons, the object of popular threats and execration, shrinking from the Court, until recalled there by the peremptory commands of the Regent. Broken-hearted and consumed by fever, he hid himself in an obscure lodging, overwhelmed with remorse. This calamity, however, called forth the best affections of the Princess, and proved her sterling worth. Of her sympathy with the King, and her devoted affection to him, it is needless to speak. We can imagine how such distress heightened all these feelings. Her letter to Montmorency, which cheered the King in his prison at Pizzighitona, may be taken in evidence of this. But towards her husband, her feelings at first had been bitter and estranged. She had sent him a message of reproach, refused to see him, and said that henceforth they were strangers. But, when she heard of his sickness, and found that he was overwhelmed by shame, her better feelings revived, and she hastened to comfort him. From his bed-side she addressed to the King a letter, expressing his deep penitence, and humbly imploring the Royal pardon. This was obtained by her mediation; but the poor Duke was unable to recover from the burning sense of humiliation. During his illness, Marguerite tended him with a constant affection, read to him books of devotion, and cheered with true piety the last hours of the broken-hearted man. From her lips he heard those lessons of Scripture which cheer while they humble the penitent, and which present to the sufferer, however heavily stricken, the tale of the marvellous sympathy and transcendent sufferings of his Redeemer. At her instance, the proud Regent paid the Duke a visit of reconciliation, heard him bear his grateful witness to the conduct of his wife (see p. 274), and then the dying man, clasping the hand of his wife, listened in his last moments to her words of affection, and died in her arms.

While thus her duty was faithfully discharged to her husband, her thoughts reverted with intense interest to her brother. Her letters respecting him to Montmorency, who shared his captivity, are interesting, and it is pleasant to see her religious feeling breaking through her natural timidity; for, sending to Montmorency her copy of the

Scriptures, she begs that the King would read daily, as a prayer, the Epistles of St. Paul :

"As thus God would give him speedy deliverance; for He has promised, in His Holy Gospel, that those who love the truth, by truth they shall be free. God is powerful and bountiful, and His promises are always true. He has humbled us by this captivity, but He has not abandoned us; on the contrary, God has bestowed upon us patience and trust in His mercy, for the relief of our affliction, which is lightened by the consolation of a more perfect knowledge of Himself." \*

While Marguerite's more disciplined mind was thus engaged in administering consolation, the mind of her mother, resuming its vigor, shook the reins of government and rallied the energies of France. In her first moments of prostration, she had called to her assistance the Chancellor Duprat and the Duke de Vendôme; but as soon as she recovered her nerve, she herself gave the impulse to the course of administration. She addressed the Emperor; a strong appeal was made to his generosity; and failing in this, she appealed to his interest. She sent messengers to Henry VIII., reminded him of his former friendship, and painted so vividly the disasters of France and the designs of Charles, that Henry became alarmed and declared he would not suffer the partition of France. She poured emissaries through every State of Italy, dwelling on the dangers to Italy from the Emperor's power, rousing their dislike to the Spanish forces, and appealing to their interest and ambition. With such success did she labor, that Venice and Florence were detached from the Confederacy; and the General of the Italian League, Pescara, quarreling with the General of Charles V., seemed ready to unite Italy against the Empire. To the Pope, Clement VII., whose art and influence were great, the Regent addressed more direct persuasions. To propitiate him, she felt that the strongest appeal would be made to his ecclesiastical ambition. Hitherto she had protected the Reformers. Her affection for her daughter, and her own spirit of toleration, had induced this. But when policy demanded it she sacrificed them without remorse. Her government was unpopular, Duprat detested, the Parliament sullen, the Church disaffected. Regardless of this in her days of power, she had parried the demands of the Sorbonne, and had turned a deaf ear to the clamorous petitions of Parliament for justice on the heretics. Now she changed her course; and a rebellion of the peasants in the provinces bordering the

Rhone, where the brigands who stirred it covered their brigandage with the name of Reform, gave her a plea. She wrote to the Pope to ask his wishes respecting the suppression of heresy, and she sent the Bishop of Senlis to the Sorbonne to state that the Court had seen with anxiety the general progress of Luther's detestable doctrines, and its numerous adherents; she therefore requested the Sorbonne to advise her how this heresy might be put down. The answers were anticipated. The Sorbonne recommended the faggot; the Pope the Inquisition; and under these high auspices, to the delight of the Pope, the triumph of the Sorbonne, and with the applause of Parliament, the Inquisition was introduced into France. Inquisitors were let loose to scour the provinces and hunt out the Reformers. Some were seized; some sought safety by recantation; Lefevre, warned by Marguerite, fled to Strasburg; nor could Marguerite stay the storm. Her mother was deaf to her entreaties. Francis, anxious to escape, left everything to his mother; and Marguerite, subdued, powerless, and sad, warned the Reformers, through her Chaplain, to conceal their opinions, and not to brave terrors from which she could no longer shelter them. However grieved by the warning, the Reformers did her justice. They saw that her advice was prompted by necessity, and by her concern for them. "God gives her grace," wrote Tousseaint to Farel, "to say and to write only what is necessary for poor souls." This persecution was the means of bringing on Marguerite a deep personal mortification. Then it was that Briçonnet finally gave way. The Sorbonne had not forgotten his former sins. They remembered his activity, their attack, and his escape. The hour of their revenge was come. Parliament was set in motion; and a terrible Inquisition was directed to inquire into the acts and opinions of the Bishop of Meaux. In vain he appealed to the Chambers to hear him, and implored the intervention of the Court. The Regent left him to his fate; Marguerite was powerless. Briçonnet had to face the ordeal alone, and with a wavering and fearful heart. He was acquitted of heresy by a miserable recantation. He had to publish his shame in his Diocese; to condemn before his Synod the doctrines which he had enforced in his Cathedral; to hunt out and banish his preachers, and to restore to honor the neglected "Saints." Thus dishonored, the Sorbonne left him, a disgraced victim, to bewail in secret his weakness through a life of bitter remembrances. But this triumph only whetted the bigots, and the fires began to blaze through France. The Place de Grève then commenced the horrors which the

\* See also the Letters, p. 294.

French Revolution avenged by the guillotine. Nanci saw its martyr Pell; at Metz the faithful Le Clerc was burned; other cities copied the cruelty; and Louis Berquin, who had escaped once, was again imprisoned.

But these horrors roused the energy of Marguerite. Weak against her affections, she was proof against fear; the greater the danger, the firmer was her courage. She was suspected of heresy; her leanings were known, her name was assailed, but she did not shrink. She had bent for a moment to the storm, but it was because she had felt her influence to be overcast. Now she rose to the rescue. Her affectionate efforts had recovered her brother's regards; he had found her help in his hour of need, and he was then proving its efficacy in his Spanish prison. To him, therefore, she poured out the anguish of her feelings, and the appeal to his sympathy prevailed. He sent a peremptory order for the liberation of Berquin; he enjoined on the Parliament to desist from all processes against heresy, and he desired that sentences already passed should be stayed till confirmed by him. Parliament, furious, appealed to the Regent; but she, having gained her ends, declined to interfere. Thus once more the French Reformers breathed. How fully they recognized their protectress, the refugees in Strasburg soon showed. In that city, Lefèvre, Ferel, and Roussel had found a refuge under the roofs of Bucer and Capito, and in concert with them they considered how the cause of Reform might be advanced in France. The minutes of their conferences were reported by them to Marguerite. Her name was held in affectionate veneration; to her constancy and devotedness they bore thankful testimony, and for her in their evening meetings they offered up publicly their prayers. Count Hohenlohe, the fearless friend of Luther, addressed to her words of counsel and cheer, and her answers show the predominating piety of her mind. (See p. 308.)

But now a mission opened to Marguerite, one of the strangest and hardest which a woman ever undertook, requiring a rare combination of calmness, courage, and tact. She was to visit Spain as the plenipotentiary of France, and by her personal influence with the Emperor to rescue Francis from his prison. Francis had at first borne his captivity in Italy with chivalrous courage. His gallantry in the fight had been followed by magnanimity under reverse. When unworthy concessions were sought by the Emperor, he had firmly put them aside. Those who held him in prison were moved by the nobility of his conduct: Bourbon wavered, and was again inspired with sentiments of loyalty; the

Italian troops of the Imperial army, who had witnessed Francis' gallantry at Pavia, and remembered him as the victor of Marignano, followed him, wherever he could be seen, with their shouts, and gathered round him with undisguised admiration. When, withdrawn from this dangerous popularity, he was shut up at Pizzighitone under the crafty custody of De Lannoy, he was still able from his prison to influence the mind of the Italian general, Pescara, and to extend relations of interest through the Italian States. These feelings, skilfully acted upon by his mother's dexterous negotiations, were beginning to effect a change, and were likely to result in a movement which would have secured his release. In an evil hour of fitful impatience he dashed these prospects to the ground; he yielded to the cunning suggestion of De Lannoy, and allowed himself to be transported into Spain, to close, as he imagined, a tedious treaty by a short personal interview with Charles. To his deep mortification he discovered his mistake. Arriving in Spain, he was not allowed to see the Emperor. Strictly guarded at Valencia, surrounded by soldiers, never out of view of his gaolers, he found no chance of escape; and when Charles finally decided to insist on the exorbitant terms which Francis had already refused, there stretched before him in his Spanish prison the gloomy prospect of an interminable captivity.

In vain did the various States of Europe express in loud tones their indignation and disgust. In vain did the men of letters, to whom Francis was deservedly dear, pour forth, through Erasmus, their sympathy, and their anxiety for his release. In vain did ambassadors, sent expressly from France, expose before the Emperor and his Council the large concessions they were authorized to make, and the limit which they dared not pass. Charles remained immovable: taking counsel with his own cold heart, and with the stern craft of the Duke of Alva, he insisted without abatement on his demands. Some further effort it was, therefore, indispensable to make, and yet there appeared no one in France qualified at once by station and talent to make it. It was then that the Chancellor and the Regent cast their eyes on Marguerite. They felt that she alone could mediate personally with the Emperor: her rank and sex would compel an interview, and they hoped that even Charles would be unable to resist her persuasions. It was long, however, and on the Emperor's part with extreme reluctance, that a five months' truce was obtained, and the promise of a safe-conduct for the Princess given. Charles had no mind to make concessions: he would preserve the semblance of courtesy, but he was



bent on carrying his terms, and he felt that Marguerite's penetration would detect his designs, and her sex and high station would sorely embarrass him. While Charles was thus bent on preventing Marguerite's journey, she herself, absorbed in her love for her brother, and regardless of personal inconvenience, hailed with rapture the prospect of being united to him, and of being instrumental in his deliverance; nor could she imagine that even the cold inflexibility of Charles would resist her passionate appeals. As the time of separation, however, approached, the Regent began to waver: deeply attached to both her children, she could not bear to hazard both in the power of such a Court as that of Spain. What, she would be likely to ask, was to prevent the Emperor from using some pretext to detain the Princess, and to exact for both her children an enhanced ransom? The safe-conduct, when at length it came, was so expressed as to justify her fears, and Charles' subsequent conduct showed that these were reasonable. It was with much difficulty and only through the persuasions of the Chancellor, that she gave her consent to her daughter's journey; and she left Lyons to accompany her on her way to Aigues-Mortes with reluctant steps. Marguerite, on the other hand, had made all the preparations for her journey before the safe-conduct arrived, and prevailed on her mother to set forth. Her journey was hastened by Francis' anxiety. Removed indeed from Valencia, but kept a close prisoner at one of the Emperor's hunting-seats, he had begun to pine and sicken; and he had sent Montmorency to express his impatience to his mother, and to hasten Marguerite's preparations. Her first letter to him (see p. 330) is written under the fervor of hope, inspired by the Regent's consent to her journey; her second, written from Lyons, was intended to moderate his impatience, and to assure him that all her preparations were in progress. In order to mark her decision, and to prevent all further doubts on the part of her mother, she prevailed on her to leave Lyons on the second week of August, 1529, and to sail down the Rhone. The sympathy of France was powerfully excited, and the interest of the people accompanied her on this hazardous mission. The only persons who drooped and were downcast were the Reformers, who trembled for the safety of their protectress, on which depended their own. Already, as if to warn them of their insecurity, the Parliament had renewed its processes; and though their hands were kept from burning heretics, they accused and threw them into prison. The poet Marot, a fickle Reformer, taken prisoner at Pavia, but set free, had returned to his mistress. He was now seized

on a charge of heresy; and from his prison he poured forth his entreaties to Marguerite, who, in the midst of more important matters, did not forget the poet, but obtained from Francis an order for his release. The Royal cortege had now reached the small town of Aigues-Mortes in Languedoc, from which St. Louis had sailed in 1270 on his fatal expedition to Africa. There, at last, the safe-conduct reached the Princess; and while her mother's heart sank, and the prospect of the future seemed as lowering as the sea-storm which threatened her, from this port, with a small but distinguished retinue, Marguerite sailed for Barcelona. Her feelings are expressed in the two letters which, just before her embarkation, she wrote to Montmorency and to Francis:

"My Cousin," she says to the Marshal, "the bearer of this letter will detail to you the hindrances I have had, and all the difficulties and objections I have been compelled to encounter, because my safe-conduct is not ample enough, nor drawn in suitable terms for me. Besides which, the two couriers have not yet returned, bringing me that which I have been promised by land. Nevertheless I am resolved to take my chance, trusting that at least on my arrival they will suffer me to see the King. The desire I have to behold him makes me disregard all other things, and I am going to embark immediately."

To Francis she writes:

"Monseigneur, — My messenger will relate to you, how Heaven, the sea, and the advice of friends, have combined to retard my journey; but at length He whom all things obey hath vouchsafed to send us such favorable weather that all difficulties are overcome. If I have hitherto delayed my departure on account of the bad weather, you will excuse a tardiness distasteful to me above measure; for I desire to see you with so infinite a desire that I must be silent on this matter until I tell it to you personally. I beseech you, Monseigneur, to observe that my safe-conduct is very limited; if you think I need one more ample, send it to me on my arrival at Barcelona. This uncertainty, however, nor the stormy sea, shall not now hinder me from proceeding to the spot where I can meet you. The fear of death, of prison, or of any imaginable evil, no longer daunts me. For I regard every danger incurred in your service as liberty, life, health, glory, and honor, so that I may participate in your fate, which I would willingly bear alone. — Your humble and very obedient subject and sister, MARGUERITE."

Marguerite landed at Palamos, on the coast of Catalonia, and there met the messenger who was conveying to France the ratification of the truce. The news he brought to the Princess of Francis' health was anything but satisfactory. Defeat, and the weariness

of prison, had at length broken his elastic spirit, and brought on a low fever; and the Emperor was alarmed to find, that, while he was building a long train of ambitious hopes on the captivity of his prisoner, the prisoner was likely to find release by death. Charles, therefore, when he removed Francis to Madrid, hastened to send him reassuring letters; and finding that, notwithstanding these, the wearied captive was still drooping, he resolved to try the resource of a personal visit, long promised, but hitherto withheld. While he was meditating this, he received the news of the Princess' arrival, and he despatched the Viceroy of Naples to meet her at Barcelona, and to welcome her with imperial magnificence. But the news of her brother's illness made her anxious and impatient, and, hardly halting in her route, but, sending on, first Montmorency, and then repeated messengers, to cheer Francis and assure him of her approach, she hurried on with her suite, in litters, accomplishing her journey from Barcelona in about ten days.

The coaches, which, in some of the best roads of France near the capital, were used at that period by royalty, and considered as wonderful inventions, were, in appearance, not unlike the wagons of the Rouliers, which may be seen now on the roads of France, with the addition of large leather curtains, falling from the clumsy top of the vehicle to cover the sides. But the usual mode of conveyance, and that which Marguerite adopted, was a litter which held two persons. Marguerite's companion was her maid of honor, the *Senéchale* of Poitou, who acted, as her grandson Brantôme tells us, as her Secretary, and wrote in the litter to her dictation. For it was on her journeys that she wrote a part of her voluminous correspondence, of her poems, and of those stories which she composed in imitation of the *Decameron* of Boccacio, and in which she recorded the incidents of her own life and the adventures of the day. In this way she poured forth, as indeed did Francis, a quantity of verses, in which we cannot say that there was much of the poetical spirit, and which are only interesting as they record the feelings of the individual. The verses which she produced on this occasion, composed under intense anxiety and with bitter tears, are more poetical than usual. Her prose writing is easy and spirited, and, especially when she is addressing her brother, is terse and full of animation (p. 350).

While Marguerite thus relieved with her pen the weary hours of her journey, Francis seemed to be rapidly passing from the scene of his earthly sufferings. When Montmorency returned, he was shocked to observe the change in his appearance. Both appetite

and sleep had left him. "In vain had they removed him from the Tower in which he was first placed to the Palace del Arco, and then to the Imperial Palace in the Alcazar. Francis, unable to leave his couch, seemed to be sinking; and when, on the 18th of September, the Emperor visited him, and tried to animate him by assurances of his sympathy, he found him in the last stage of weakness. During the interview, indeed, he retained that dignified and courteous manner which had fascinated Henry VIII., and which had so long delighted his own subjects. On this occasion it greatly impressed Charles. On the following day, the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant Court, received Marguerite, as she descended from her litter, on the flight of steps in front of the Imperial Palace. There the proud Charles made his lowly obeisance; kissed her on the forehead, and welcomed her with princely courtesy to Madrid. The black velvet robe which she wore as a widow, without a single ornament, a long white veil thrown over her head, set off well the fair beauty for which she was remarkable. But the admiration of the Emperor, and of his Court, made no impression on Marguerite, who hurried, in extreme agitation, to her brother's sick-room. It was a picture for a painter's hand. The room where Francis was confined was small, admitting only, on one side, a narrow window in a deep embrasure; on the other side, a recess which held a bed, a table, a few chairs, and coffers. It was situated about a hundred feet above the bank of the small stream Marcanaris, which murmured below, while on the platform half-way in the descent two battalions of soldiers kept constant guard. The chamber was hung with tapestry, wrought with the arms of France, on which the Salamander and Fleur-de-Lys appeared. The light which came through the narrow and ill-glazed casement fell upon a singular group. Francis lay on the couch almost insensible, with his features sunk through long illness, his physicians and the Bishop of Senlis being beside the bed. Marguerite stood in intense agitation, and fixed her eyes on her brother, and the Emperor, who had entered the room and stood silent for some minutes, with his eyes riveted on the King; and then, feeling his hopes all blasted by the approaching end of his captive, he, with a profound bow to the Princess, left the room. Francis himself was convinced that his end was come, and received the last sacraments of the Church. The French ambassadors were sent for from Toledo, to take leave of their master.

The Spaniards, of all classes, were deeply touched; masses were celebrated in the principal towns of Spain for the restoration of

his health, and nobles and people crowded to the churches.

The 22d of November was the crisis of his illness. On that day Marguerite had assembled her household in her private apartment, where the Communion was administered by one of her chaplains, probably after the simple ritual of the Reformers, and earnest prayer was offered for the King's recovery.

The mass was then celebrated in the King's room by the Archbishop of Embrun; and it was during this, while Francis was attempting to swallow the wafer, that the rally took place, and from that time he began to amend. But the long hours and weeks of convalescence were cheered by Marguerite's presence. She hardly ever quitted her brother's side, and that gloomy room was lighted up by the mingled light of affection and wit. Lavishing upon him the tenderest care, Marguerite soothed the irritation of weakness and ennui, and, whenever recollection brought despondency, she dispelled it by her conversation: sometimes reciting a sonnet of her own, at other times relating a story—now inventing an emblem, and now composing a *jeu d'esprit*.

Soon letters came to cheer them from France. The news of Francis' danger had spread throughout France the greatest consternation; and, though the Regent was not aware of the full extent of his danger, the anxiety nearly crushed her. The tidings of the King's recovery diffused a general joy. But his release seemed as distant as ever. The Emperor's letter of congratulation was chilling, and it was clear that the only hope of moving him rested with Marguerite. She therefore set out for Toledo. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of her reception, or the inflexible decision of Charles. At her public audiences he would not consent to enter upon business. As his words then had witnesses, he insisted that they should confer together alone; and now began the unequal contest between the great Emperor and the French Princess. He, at the age of twenty-five, in all the confidence of his acknowledged genius, assisted by a council composed of the ablest men of Spain;—Marguerite, accompanied indeed by five of the French deputies, but compelled to rely on her own tact and judgment as the occasion arose. She exhibited the great resources of her mind from the moment when she met the Emperor and his Court—a brilliant cavalcade—three miles from Toledo. She displayed that grace of manner and perfect address by which she used to enchant the French courtiers. Her dignity and beauty prepossessed the Spanish grandees—her vivacity and wit completed the charm. The impression upon Charles was evident, for he treated her with a dis-

tingtion that he had never bestowed on any one. Alive to everything that could influence her mission, she writes on the 3d and the 4th of October to Francis, first to encourage him with the hopes of success which she then indulged, and with a confidence in God which never failed her. She hints to him the necessity of making the most of his weakness whilst in the presence of his Spanish governor: "As your weakness will hasten my negotiation; for I long more than I can tell you to see you free (which you soon will be, by the grace of God), and to return and try whether your little hand [that is, herself] can do nothing more to serve you." Marguerite's tact was not only used to win over the Spanish courtiers, but to enlist on her side the sister of Charles—Eleanor, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, whose hand the Emperor had promised to Bourbon, and which Marguerite was instructed to ask for Francis. Her visits to Eleanor were successful, and she seems thoroughly to have engaged her on her side. The pride of the Dowager Queen revolted at the idea of being married to a French traitor, and she was easily induced to believe in the protestations of Francis, and was flattered at once by the prospect of the French crown and by the attentions of Marguerite. But neither the influence of his sister, nor the arguments of a section of his courtiers, had any power over Charles. He sought only how to extract the most advantage from the good fortune which had placed Francis in his hands. He listened to Marguerite's offers, and drew her, by his flattering assurances, to explain the concessions which she was empowered to make; but he remained fixed in his own object—to secure the aggrandizement of Spain and the dismemberment of France.

On Wednesday, October 4th, was the first interview of Marguerite with the Emperor, in his private Cabinet, where she laid before him the terms she was instructed to propose.

"Yesterday," she wrote to her brother, "I went to visit the Emperor. I found him very guarded and cold in his demeanor. He took me apart into his room, with one lady to await me; but when there, his discourse was not worth so great a ceremony, for he put me off in order to confer with the Council, and will give me an answer to-day."

In the afternoon the Princess received a despatch from the Viceroy of Naples to say that the Emperor was dissatisfied with her proposals, and that she must make further concessions. She therefore instructed the French Deputies to wait upon the Viceroy, and to add to her former proposals the cession of two districts in France, and a further sum of money. She herself visited the Queen of

Portugal on that day, and again on the following morning, with a view to engage her influence. Charles, however, remained immovable, and, finding that the Princess was obtaining influence over the Queen, he removed the latter abruptly, by peremptory order, from Toledo to Talavera. He then requested an interview with Marguerite, and begged her to reduce to writing the terms which she proposed. On these terms the French ambassadors met in conference, with members deputed from the Imperial Council; but, when the counter-propositions of Charles were stated, it was found that he had made no abatement in his former demands, and that he still insisted on the possession of Burgundy, and on the restoration of Bourbon to his estates. He did not indeed declare his intention of marrying his sister to the Duke of Bourbon, but neither would he agree to her being given in marriage to Francis. While Charles thus endeavored to carry his ends by dogged tenacity, he found his match in Marguerite's decision. When the Viceroy of Naples came to inform her of the terms of the Emperor, —

"I spoke to him," she says to her brother, "in language of sorrow and contempt at their proceedings, expressing my indignation at the letter which I received from the Queen, and at the Emperor, who has not sought me for these two days past, so far as to tell him my opinion that they all displayed little honor and a great deal of bad will."

At her next interview with the Emperor she told him her mind, —

"Reproached him for the hardness of his heart, to be so little merciful towards so great and good a King; and that to demean himself after such fashion was not the way to gain a noble and royal heart, like that of the King her brother. She spoke so bravely, and yet so courteously, to the Emperor, upon his bad treatment of the King, that he was quite overpowered."

On Saturday, October 7th, the terms were finally declared; and, as Marguerite refused to entertain them, they were forwarded by her, through two of the French Deputies, to Madrid, for the King's decision. But, whilst this was pending, to mark her just displeasure, she left the palace assigned her by the Emperor and retired into a convent. It was in vain that the Emperor tried to withdraw her from this, and to induce her to request an interview with him. The ambassadors from England, Italy, and Germany, were all collected at Toledo, watching with intense anxiety the struggle between the Emperor and his captive. The retirement of Marguerite was a public mark of her dissatis-

faction, and it exposed to general observation the exorbitant demands of Charles. He was anxious to avoid this, to give the appearance of a continued negotiation, and to be able to pacify the Princess by these artful assurances, "that he would yet do things which would astonish her and give her repose." But Marguerite acted with her usual tact. She would not quit the nunnery; she would not ask an interview with the Emperor; she refused to confer with his Ministers.

"I sent word," she says to the King, "to the Viceroy, that I did this on purpose to give notable evidence to every one, that if I confer not with the Emperor, my rank is too exalted to permit me to court or to tamper with the servants of a master who promised you that I should speak with himself alone on your affairs."

To the Viceroy's suggestion, that she should ask an interview with the Emperor, she answered, that she had never yet quitted her lodging unsolicited, therefore, when the Emperor chose to send and request her presence, she would be found at the convent. The reply of Francis to the Emperor's proposals, when conveyed to him at Madrid, was equally firm. In a letter, admirable for its high-minded and yet courteous tone, he stated to Charles that it was out of his power to grant what was required, and that he must interpret the Emperor's terms as a courteous mode of intimation that he was to remain forever his prisoner. With this answer he despatched his ambassadors to Toledo; and he desired Marguerite to return to Madrid, and to cut short a negotiation which was insincere and useless. Marguerite therefore demanded an interview with the Emperor; and, after a firm expostulation with him on the treatment to which he subjected her brother, she quitted Toledo. It was after great doubt and perplexity that the Emperor had come to the selfish resolution of insisting upon these exorbitant terms. The more generous of his Council opposed them, as unworthy of a great prince: the more wary disliked them, as sure to be evaded. Meanwhile, the sympathies of Europe were enlisted on the side of Francis. Henry VIII., when his remonstrances were slighted, concluded a treaty with France; and almost all the States of Italy were now united in a league, offensive and defensive, with the Regent. The discontent of the Parliament of Paris, excited by the weakness of the French Government and the unpopularity of the Chancellor Duprat, was overborne by the burst of national feeling. For such was the popularity of Francis and the feeling of loyalty evoked by his sufferings, that even the Emperor's ambassador wrote that divisions in France were



over, and that any ransom, however enormous, would be willingly paid by the French people for the release of their king.

These news greeted Marguerite at Madrid, on her return, after her severe disappointment; and along with these came letters, containing a still stronger tribute of admiration and esteem, from Erasmus and Count Hohenlohe. The answer of Marguerite to the latter is full of the most touching expressions of piety; and it is an extraordinary proof of her energy, that, absorbed as she was at this time in efforts for her brother's release, she received and answered, through daily couriers from France to Madrid, numberless letters from the Regent, the Ministers of State, and petitioners who asked her intervention with the Regent or the Chancellor in their public or private affairs. At this time, she devised a plan for the King's escape, which was not unlikely to succeed, by winning over a black slave who entered Francis' apartment every night to supply the fire with wood, with whom he was to exchange his dress. After completing the preparations, providing for the exchange of dress, and the relays of horses, her plan was defeated by the treachery of the French Secretary, who, in a fit of resentment and spite, revealed the design to Charles. The resentment of Charles was marked by his characteristic reserve. He did not divulge his discovery, but he took ample precautions against the scheme; and brooded over the means of revenging himself upon Marguerite, who had contrived it. Defeated in this plan, Marguerite's inventive mind suggested another. She induced Francis to execute a deed of abdication of the French crown in favor of his son; and this deed, conferring the Regency upon her mother, and on her demise on Marguerite herself, was calculated to prevent the evils of the King's absence, and to lessen them, if Charles continued to retain him, to the detention of a private person. Francis at this time dismissed those who had acted as his ambassadors, and made no secret of the act by which he had abdicated his power. The tidings of this act alarmed the Emperor's Council; and as it and the firmness of Francis were attributed to his sister, Charles was anxious to find a plea for removing her from Madrid. It transpired, too, that it had been discussed in the Emperor's Council, whether Marguerite might not be apprehended as having forfeited her safe-conduct by planning her brother's escape; and it was known that those who suggested this were the Emperor's intimates, who spoke his mind. Such a blow was indeed in keeping with Charles' policy. It would have disorganized France. The Regent's health was failing; and if both her children were in a Spanish prison, it would

have sunk. France would then be defenceless, and would lie at the mercy of the Emperor. The odium of this act, however, deterred even Charles. But the knowledge of these discussions made Francis resolve to send Marguerite back into France. As, however, it was then the month of November, and the roads at such a season were almost impassable, he instructed his ambassadors to request from the Emperor that Marguerite's safe-conduct might be prolonged, and that she might be permitted, instead of following the longer route through Castille and Arragon, to take the shorter road by Roussillon, through Navarre. Both requests were harshly refused. Charles, spiteful and indignant, refused to the Princess this indulgence, and stated with a significant warning that her safe-conduct was good only till the 1st of January, and only valid if she set out at once on her return. Francis discovered, before Marguerite reached France, that it was the Emperor's intention to take advantage of any delay, and to apprehend the Princess if she were found in Spain after the period fixed for her safe-conduct.

It was, however, the 19th of November before Marguerite could be prevailed upon to leave her brother, and then she tore herself away with undisguised reluctance. Nothing indeed but Francis' resolution induced her to part from him. For, seeing him weak in health and depressed in spirits, she could not bear the separation; and she would have preferred to share his prison, for, as she says, "The fear of death, a prison, or any other evil, are now so natural to me, that I hold them as liberty, life, health, glory, and honor, if by this means I could partake of your fortune, who truly would wish singly to bear it."

Her first stages were short, hoping always to be recalled, waiting for her daily letter from the King, or from Montmorency with an account of the King's health, and sending off despatches every evening both to the King and to her mother. "Mon cousin," she writes to Montmorency on the second morning of her journey, "I received your letter at my lever, and you will easily believe what pleasure it afforded me to hear tidings of the King. As for intelligence concerning myself, which you ask for, my bodily health is well enough, but my mind pines for that which it has just left. All night long I dreamt that I held the King by the hand; and I would not wake to have no longer that delightful illusion." And to her brother she writes on the same morning: "Monseigneur, the further I journey from you the more I feel my absence from your presence, which would be too grievous to bear, if the desire to obey you, and to render you still greater service than

I could by my continued residence at Madrid, did not inspire me with strength to submit."

The first stage was Alcalá; thence she went to Guadalupe, where the Duc de Infantado and family received her in his palace; though the Duc and Duchesse were compelled to quit it by the spiteful order of the Emperor: but the family overwhelmed Marguerite with their attentions, and expressed the deepest interest in the King. From this she travelled to Sigüenza, receiving and transmitting couriers from France, and entreating her brother to remember that she was as yet only twenty hours' distance from him, and ready to bring back for his use the litter and beautiful mules which the family of the Duke had given her, which might carry him back, if he were released, "to your friends asleep on the road from Madrid to Lyons." Marguerite lingered thus, before entering the wild province of Arragon, in the hopes that the negotiations, which had been resumed between her brother and the Emperor, would lead to an agreement. The Emperor, too, was anxious to induce Marguerite to return to Madrid, in order that, involved in these negotiations, which he could spin out to any length, the time of her safe-conduct might expire, and she might remain in his power. But Francis had many friends in the Spanish Court, who made him aware of the Emperor's plans. Instead, therefore, of recalling his sister, he sent a positive order to her to expedite her journey, and to reach the French frontier before the 1st of January. Marguerite submitted to this order with her usual docility, though the reasons for it were not explained to her. She says that she will travel as rapidly as her train of attendants can bear, and hopes to reach Narbonne by Christmas Day. From Sigüenza to Medina Céli, where the Duke received her, she travelled to Montréal; and there quitting her litter, she hurried over the mountainous districts by roads then almost impassable from snow, sometimes accomplishing only six leagues a-day, though travelling from six in the morning till nightfall. Thus, resting for a night at Bubierca in Arragon, she reached Saragossa, accomplishing sixty miles on horseback in two days; and traversing the valleys and chain of Catalonia—places afterwards remarkable in the Peninsular War—she reached Barcelona on the 17th of December. There she observed circumstances which betrayed the Emperor's designs, and served to quicken her apprehensions; so that in four days she crossed the distance to the frontier, and found herself, on the 21st, at Salces, on French soil. Yet notwithstanding this hurried journey on horseback, as she says (*Génin* v. i. p. 208), from six o'clock in a winter's morning till

night, when she reached her lodging, she continues to receive couriers both from Madrid and France—to transmit to Madrid the French news after she had examined and answered them—to write nightly despatches to her brother or Montmorency, and to discuss with them the important questions which were at the time pending between the Emperor and Francis, and on which her brother's release depended.

And yet, at this time—whilst she is writing now to cheer her brother, now to bid him agree to any treaty which would restore him to his country, now, when the negotiations seemed likely to succeed, conjuring him to listen to the petition of a heart devoted to him, and "restore to me the happiness which I lost when you commanded me, against your will and my own, to leave you, by now revoking your orders"—she still finds thought for the distressed: writing from Sigüenza to the Viceroy to entreat the release of a poor courier, thrown into prison at Pampeluna; entreating her brother to interpose to save Berten from his doom; and yet with all this energy, which neither felt fatigue nor thought of danger, her tenderness and humility constantly manifest themselves:

"Madame," she writes to Montmorency, "has been very ill; but you may assure the King that she is now in good health. But, mon cousin, on my arrival at this place, I was in anxiety as much respecting the King as for Madame, fearing to hear even from both; but God has relieved me from apprehension respecting the one, as I beseech Him to do speedily as regards the other: for without the certainty that they both continue well, my own health would not long sustain this anxiety."

From Beziers she writes to her brother:

"The time is arrived for this mercy to be needful, for he knows that unless you are soon restored to us, the love we bear you is so great, that we cannot survive your continued absence. But principally your mother suffers, who lives only for you, as she has this day sent me word; and also she who is born but to serve you both," &c.

Her humility is shown in one of her letters to Montmorency:

"You know I neither can nor will think of anything but that which relates to the service of the King and Madame, though I begin to perceive now, that I am not worthy to render the one or the other service except by obeying their will."

She beseeches the King, after saying to him, "if you desire me to live, send me speedy intelligence of your state of health," to be allowed to retrace her toilsome way from Barcelona to Madrid, that she might accompany and tend him; "do not refuse

me the place of a lackey, if nothing more, in your own litter."

Marguerite kept her Christmas at Narbonne, where she was surrounded by crowds who came to express their sympathy, and to listen to her news of the King; tears flowing from persons of every rank, who poured forth their loyal prayers for his release. At Narbonne her troubles were over; and in place of the wild Arragon and the snowy mountains of Catalonia, she passed along the sunny coast of the Mediterranean, among a people deeply attached to her. From Montpellier, where she halted, she hurried up the Rhone, after an accident which detained her below Montelimart, and reached the village of Roussillon, in the department of the Isère, where Madame had been detained by illness. Here, however, the Princess only enjoyed five days' rest with her mother, before she was summoned to fresh efforts of kindness, by travelling to Blois, where the King's children were ill of the measles: from thence we find her sending minute details to her brother of the convalescence of his children, mingling these with traits of their habits and character, very attractive to an absent father.

But now at length the weary captivity of Francis drew to a close. Much against his own inclination, overborne by advice and by the difficulties of his position, he resolved to agree to the Emperor's terms, after a solemn protest, made in secret before his own ambassadors, that such a compact was invalid. On the 14th of January, he signed the treaty of Madrid. But after it was signed, Charles was on the point of revoking it. He then began to feel that a treaty so injurious to France was not likely to be executed, and the more unscrupulous of his advisers urged him to detain Francis in prison. A month elapsed during these doubts: but in the mean while Francis' health again gave way under the pressure of anxiety. The skill of Montmorency had enabled him to escape from Spain with the precious deed on his person which declared the Dauphin King. Henry VIII. insisted vehemently on the release of Francis; the Italian League was assuming a formidable appearance; and in Italy men were deserting the Imperial side. Charles, after a thousand selfish doubts, decided. In January, he gave his sister, by proxy, in marriage to Francis. In the middle of February he went to Madrid, and escorted Francis, still closely guarded and vigilantly watched, on his road to the frontier. Francis had some compensation for the Emperor's ungenerous harshness in the sympathy of the Spanish people, and the interest of the nobility. The Duc del Infantado received him with enthusiastic hospitality. All along the

road to Burgos the people crowded round him. At St. Sebastian he made a short halt; then at Fuentarrabia; and on the Bidassoa, which separates France from Spain, appeared the Marshal De Lautrec and Francis' two sons, who were to be given up as hostages. The exchange was made in a barge, moored in the centre of the stream. Not a moment was allowed to Francis to embrace his children. On the bank a horse was waiting for him, on which the King mounted, and waving his hat, with the words "Once more a King," he galloped off to St. Jean de Luz, from which he hastened to Bayonne, where he was welcomed by Madame, his sister, and the Court, and by the tears and joy of his people.

From thence the Court adjourned to Mont de Marsan in Upper Gascony. But even before this, Francis had shown how the treaty was to be observed, by declining to ratify it until it was submitted to his States of Burgundy. His sense of his mother's devoted exertions he showed by placing her in the highest seat of his Council, and by committing to her an almost absolute influence over public affairs. To Marguerite he gave the Duchy of Alençon for her life; so that she now enjoyed the revenues and appointed the functionaries of the dukedoms of Alençon and Berri, and the County of Armagnac. But a question soon arose about the disposal of her hand. Henry VIII. had shown a steady regard for Francis during his captivity, and sent him cordial congratulations on his release. A negotiation had been in progress for the marriage of Mary, then his only child, with the Dauphin; but as at this time the news transpired that Henry was anxious for a divorce from his queen, Francis was desirous to give up, if he could without offence, that marriage, and induce Henry to ask the hand of his sister Marguerite. She, however, though submissive to her brother's will, — and saying, "Since, Sire, I am not worthy to serve you in weightier matters, since the thought of you is in all, I will devote life and energy to smaller ones," — deeply felt her disappointment: for her affections were already engaged, and she had received from her mother every encouragement to believe that they would have been ratified by the King's consent. Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, had shared with Francis the battle of Pavia, and the imprisonment which followed. He was a prisoner only second in value to Francis. Inheriting dominions in France, he was heir to the kingdom of Navarre in Spain; and though this had been taken from his ancestors, his claims remained, and were supported by the French Crown. The Emperor was therefore determined not to release him until he had

made him surrender his claim on Spanish Navarre. He was therefore kept a close prisoner in the castle of Pavia; but, by bribing two of his guards and exchanging his dress with a page, who took his place in his bed, he was able to effect his escape. Letting himself down from the window of his chamber and passing through the courtyard, he mounted a horse prepared for him, and fled to Piedmont; nor did he stop his flight until he reached Lyons, where he joined the Regent at Christmas, 1525.

His high rank, abilities, and interest in the Royal fortunes, gave him a high place in the confidence of the Regent; and on the return of the Princess, he shared the regards of both in the difficult negotiations then in progress for the release of Francis.

The King of Navarre had every quality fitted to captivate an accomplished woman. He was handsome, conspicuous for grace of manner, for manly exercises, of fearless spirit and buoyant energy, and with tastes and accomplishments rare at that time. Of him it was that the Emperor, when he afterwards visited the French Court, and observed with his keen eye the various courtiers conspicuous there, said, that the King of Navarre alone was the model of a gallant gentleman.

His attachment to Francis recommended him to the affections of the Princess, and her attractions soon produced their natural impression on his heart. There was, indeed, disparity of age, as Marguerite was then thirty-three, and Henry of Navarre had just completed his twenty-second year. But the Regent saw the importance of providing for Marguerite a protector, in case of her own demise; as, should the King remain a prisoner, the safety of the kingdom, and the guardianship of the Royal children, would devolve on her daughter. The preparations for this union were, however, interrupted by the release of Francis; and this, with other important questions, were now deferred by the Regent for her son's decision.

As his policy led him to endeavor to attach England, by the offer of his sister's hand to Henry VIII., all idea of Marguerite's marriage with the King of Navarre was abruptly closed. The secret negotiation of Francis with Wolsey continued through the summer of 1526; and it was only in the autumn of that year that Francis, convinced that if Henry accomplished his divorce he would marry Anne Boleyn, abandoned his hope of raising his sister to the English throne. He gave, however, a reluctant consent to the betrothal of Marguerite to the King of Navarre, and it was not till the end of January, 1527, that her marriage took place in the Chapel of St. Germain. The marriage was a happy one. There was great similarity

of tastes; both lovers of literature and of art; and if Henry's religious feelings were not as deep as those of Marguerite, he respected the views of Reformers, and was anxious to secure their toleration. They were not able, however, to indulge a taste for retirement. Francis availed himself of Henry's enterprising spirit, and employed him on various public matters.

Marguerite herself remained with her mother, either at St. Germain or at Fontainebleau; and as her own condition of health required rest, she was prevented from following the Court, and continued for the most part in that Palace of Fontainebleau which her brother now loved the best, and on which he had lavished every improvement;—"walking in those delicious gardens which," she says, "my illness does not prevent me from visiting twice a-day," and in those avenues which connect with the palace the extensive forest.

But even in her solitary state, and in the illness which preceded the birth of her daughter, we trace the same active interest in others, and the same deep affection. "Madame has left me here," she writes to Montmorency, "in charge of certain of her effects, that is to say, of her parrot and her jester, which I like because they contribute to her amusement." But her pen was always busy interceding for the poor or those in distress. Now she writes to Francis on behalf of Anne d'Alençon, begging him to prevent the confiscation of her lands situated in Italy: "I beseech you, Monseigneur, to take pity upon a mother and her children. Monseigneur, seeing that you ever vouchsafe pardon to your enemies, it is impossible that you can refuse to befriend those who are of your own blood, and who have served you to the best of their power. My poor sister places her sole hope in you." Then she pleads on behalf of the Duc de Vendôme, that the King would secure a favorable issue to his law-suit. Another time it is the son of a governess for whom she is laboring, or a dependent of the household whom she recommends to Montmorency. Or graver cares engage her: she attempts, though this time in vain, to rescue poor Berquin from the fangs of his persecutors; or she interposes successfully to procure the release of Roussel from the dungeon of the Chatelet; or she tries ineffectually to arrange the visit of Count Hohenlohe to Paris; or she interferes to vindicate the character and protect the fame of Erasmus. Nor does sickness abate her energy, when her brother's interests are at stake. The nobles of the Duchy of Berri had refused to pay the new tax, imposed in order to pay the ransom of the King's children. Marguerite sends her husband to over-



come their contumacy; and when she succeeded, she writes to implore their pardon of the King, and to shelter them from the further exactions of the remorseless Duprat.

Meanwhile the affection between her brother, her mother, and herself continued unbroken. When Madame was absent from her and ill, she writes to Montmorency: "Never was woman in greater distress than I, on learning that the illness of Madame has been more severe than I was told. I praise God that you can send me news of her amendment, and I thank you for the trouble you take to afford me the consolation I prize most, which is, often to send me tidings." She droops even amongst the enjoyments of Fontainebleau, when separated from those she loves. In her letters, in verse, she speaks to Francis of her solitude; and it is pleasant to read the lines which he sends to her amidst the distractions which then engaged him in Paris, in which he chides her tenderly for her forebodings, and assures her of his affection. It is pleasant, also, at a season of peculiar bustle and care, to find Madame requesting Francis, who himself had been ill, to visit Fontainebleau as soon as his health allowed; and meanwhile "I entreat you, Monseigneur, write such a letter to your sister, which, while it gives her present comfort, may strengthen her to bear her impending trial more courageously, in the event of your absence from her at that time." And when he complied with this, and wrote a long letter of affection, Madame writes again: "The long letter which you sent to your sister so comforted her heart and composed her mind, that it seems to me as if she had suddenly acquired double courage. She read your letter twice through in my presence, with tears in her eyes."

In January, 1528, Marguerite's sufferings were removed by the birth of a daughter, who was destined afterwards to play an important part in history as Queen of Navarre and mother of Henry IV. The difficulties of Francis, and the results of the defeat at Pavia, were at length removed, in July, 1529, by the treaty of Cambray—called, from its being negotiated between Marguerite of Austria, Regent of the Low Countries, and Mme. d'Angoulême, "*La Paix des Dames*." Marguerite accompanied her mother to this conference of Cambray, and sat with her in the litter, which, preceded by four hundred gentlemen-at-arms in gorgeous dresses, and a cavalcade of the chief nobles of France, riding two and two, and accompanied by the Swiss guards, bare-headed, in full armor, and wearing rich chains of gold—followed by the ladies of the Court, mounted on palfreys with crimson velvet housings, and by a large detachment

of guards and archers—swept with the pomp of France through the narrow streets of Cambray. This treaty secured Burgundy to France, and restored it to the Dauphin and his brother. But it brought upon Francis, in addition to the pain of having broken his word at Madrid, the scandal of now abandoning his Italian allies; and from this time, or rather from the battle of Pavia, we may regard the successes of his reign to have closed, and that the remainder of it passed in vain efforts to recover his ascendancy among the nations of Europe.

The summer of 1530 restored to France the Royal children, and brought from Spain Francis' Spanish Queen. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of her reception. However indifferent Francis was to his wife, it suited his greatness to give her a splendid welcome, and the taste and loyalty of his people agreed with his own. At Bayonne and Bordeaux, the reception of the Queen by the municipalities was gratifying. From Bordeaux to Blois, from Blois to Fontainebleau, from that to St. Germain, and from that Palace to the Louvre, it was a march of high festival. Everything which taste could collect was presented to the eyes of the Queen. Tournaments followed in the great square before the Palais des Tournelles. The Queen's coronation, on the 5th of March, 1531, was of unrivalled splendor; and the masquerade and banquet given by the citizens of Paris in the Great Hall of the Hotel de Ville, realized the magnificence which we have seen displayed in our own day.

In some of these stately ceremonies the Queen of Navarre could take no part. During the preparations for Queen Eleanor's arrival, she was within four months of her accouchement; and, though the event of the Queen's arrival was so long delayed that the month of July, 1530, which brought her to France, saw Marguerite safely delivered of a prince at Blois, she was not sufficiently recovered to join the Court in the south of France. Francis therefore despatched a courier to Blois to delight his sister with the first news of the safe arrival of his sons, whom he calls her children, and bids her rejoice at the prospect of soon meeting them. In her reply she says, "As it has pleased you, Monseigneur, to call your children mine, I will not disavow so signal an honor, for I feel a certainty that I can never love my own children, whom you term yours, so well."

The joy of Francis on the birth of a son to his beloved sister was extreme. He brought his Queen to visit her at Blois; and Marguerite, though imperfectly recovered, took part in the ceremonial of the coronation, and in some of the festivals which followed it. She was received by the multitude with

enthusiastic acclamations, as her popularity, founded on her virtues, never abated. But to her this year was one of sorrow. Her infant son, from whom she hoped so much, after languishing for a few months, died at Christmas; and her Palace at Alençon, and the gardens which she had embellished, became scenes of sadness. Yet her piety sustained her. "Dieu l'avoit donné, Dieu l'a osté," was the notice by which she communicated the event to her subjects at Alençon, and her letter to the King is marked by uncomplaining sorrow. Her health, however, gave way; and her brother, anxious about her, and failing to persuade her to join the Court, even though he sent the Bishop of Bayonne an especial messenger for the purpose, became seriously alarmed. But her mother's declining health effected what the King's persuasions could not; and to nurse her mother Marguerite returned to St. Germain. From thence she went, in the month of May, to St. Cloud, which had not then the splendor it acquired under Napoleon, but was a village celebrated for its pure air, where the Bishop of Paris had a summer residence. A misunderstanding of some casual words of Marguerite, which excited the resentment of Francis, served to mark the keenness as well as jealousy of his affection. She indeed was the only one, with the exception of his mother, in whom he reposed entire confidence through his life. His favorites shared his hours of gaiety, but he turned to his sister in seasons of anxiety or depression. To her alone his feelings were unreserved, and from her alone he bore advice. The library at Fontainebleau, which had been selected by her assistance, was the place where he delighted to confer with her on matters of mutual interest or taste. Her knowledge of languages was used by him in his diplomatic transactions; her quickness of judgment was resorted to in times of difficulty. His delight was, in seasons of leisure, to receive the learned Bude, or the Bishop of Senlis, the friend of Erasmus; or to look at some new work of Benvenuto Cellini, or admire a portrait of the aged Leonardo da Vinci, with his sister seated by his side; while her invention and skill originated patterns used to improve the silks and fancy of Lyons.

Marguerite was at Fontainebleau in Midsummer, 1531, watching over the declining health of her mother, whose intervals of slight improvement Marguerite reports carefully to the King, but whose increasing weakness and danger, also, she is careful not to conceal from him. She thus labors on for several months. But, notwithstanding her own trials, she continued to take a keen interest in the safety of the Reformers. The German Protestants of the League of Smal-

calde visited her, to secure her favorable recommendation before they went to the King at Blois. At this time she ordered the publication of her poem, "*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*," and arranged with the Bishop of Senlis that a Book of Devotions should be prepared for her, in which were omitted the Prayers to the Virgin and the Saints. Surrounded by the plague, which was then raging at Fontainebleau, she omitted neither private nor public duties; broke gently, but without disguise, to her mother, the reality of her danger, and, when she set out in the hope of reaching Berri, Marguerite was her faithful attendant, and ministered to her comfort; and, when death overtook her at the village of Grès, this devout daughter poured into her ear the religious consolation alone suited to that hour, and received the last words of a mother's grateful love. Francis hastened to Fontainebleau, to which his sister had returned, in order to console her; and, after seeing every honor paid to her mother's remains, Marguerite joined her husband on his journey to Béarn. The jealousy of Francis would not permit them to carry their daughter with them. He was aware that overtures had been made for an alliance between the young girl and one of the Spanish princes—an alliance which Francis felt would be injurious to France. He did not feel assured that Henry might not yield to this temptation, and he therefore decided that Jeanne should remain a close prisoner at Plessis-les-Tours. The reception of the King and Queen of Navarre in their own dominions was gratifying. There were now gathered many of the fugitive Reformers,—Roussel and Lefèvre, Marot, Farel, and Calvin. Roussel had received from Marguerite an abbaye, and, as one of her chaplains, he used the expurgated Liturgy. Lefèvre enjoyed a pension, and was admitted frequently to the Royal table.

The capital of French Navarre had formerly been at Orthez, where a castle had been built, the tower of which still remains, and which had been the residence of Count de Foix. But the kings of Navarre had now fixed their seat on the high ridge which overhangs the river Gave, where a castle was built, of considerable size, commanding an extensive view of the Pyrenees, which stretched on the west from the high *Pié du Midi de Pau* to the *Pié du Midi de Bigorre*. The serrated outline of these magnificent mountains formed the southern horizon of this view. Round the castle grew up by degrees the town of Pau, now the resort of many of our countrymen, while the old towers of the castle still recall to the traveller the days of danger and war.

Marguerite persuaded her husband to con-

struct a palace more suited to her tastes and habits; and the vaulted rooms and ample staircase, with the rich carvings in its roof, and the initials of H. and M., still remain to remind us of the days of Henry and Marguerite, while the tradition that it was the birthplace of Henry IV. adds to its interest. But they left on the rude country around them better traces of a more lasting influence. The wild Béarnois despised at that time the arts of tillage, and delighted in the chase of the bear and the chamois, with which their mountains abounded. For their instruction the King of Navarre transported industrious agriculturists from the north, settled them as colonists, encouraged them by grants of land, and planted them on the Royal demesne. Such a step might have irritated the rude mountaineers. But Marguerite's kindness effectually prevented this. When she came among them she was ignorant of their rude patois; but she soon made herself acquainted with it, admitted them freely to her presence, and talked to them in their own tongue. She received every petitioner herself, and read their petitions, and supported numbers of the indigent by alms, through her chaplain; often visiting the cottages of the sufferers, sending her own physician to attend them, while reading by their bedside the words of Scripture which had been for years her comfort and daily study. She taught them first what Divine consolations lie hid for the sufferer in those words of hope and peace. The loyalty of the people, strong by nature, deepened under such nourishment. And, when Henry reformed the Criminal Code, and improved the administration of justice, established a police, regulated the finances, and lightened the taxes, Béarn became bound to its sovereigns by every tie of interest and regard. The gardens which Marguerite formed round the castle of Pau, and the park which she laid out, were an emblem of the altered state of the principality, reclaimed from license into beauty and order. The defence of the country was secured by the erection of the strong fort of Navarreins, which lay between the castle of Pau and Tierce, to which Jeanne d'Albret used often to resort, and where Henry and Marguerite often held their Court. That Court was remarkable for its purity as well as its pursuits. It was unstained by the dissipation which characterized the French Court. The venerable Lefèvre was a courtier of a different sort from those who crowded Fontainebleau. Marguerite's pursuits were strange to mere courtiers. She studied the Bible earnestly, with the help of Gerard and Arnaud Roussel. A Confession of Faith was drawn up for her, called "La Messe à Sept Points"; as in seven points it differed from

the Service of Rome; and so well did Marguerite conceal her opinions, that, when a venerable theologian visited her, and the conversation turned upon religion, she urged him never to allow a day to pass without the study of the Bible,—"the only sure preservative," she said, "against temptation and evil." Her own writings at that time mark her opinions. The "*Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*" had revealed the conflict of her mind. In a poem entitled "*L'Inquisiteur*," she satirized the intolerance of the Sorbonne; and, during the summer of 1531, spent in Béarn, she wrote a drama, which was performed in the Great Hall of the Castle, in which the frauds and vices of the monks were held up to ridicule and abhorrence.

Béarn, however, was the only sure refuge for Reform. Everywhere else it was exposed to alternate seasons of indifference and persecution. Already, in 1525, dire offence had been given at Meaux by the destruction of several figures of saints through the hot zeal of Jean du Clerc; but the excitement became extreme when, in 1528, it was discovered that an image of the Virgin had been torn from its niche in the street of Paris, and dragged through the mud. This outrage was a defiance of the Royal authority, which Francis always resented. To satisfy his own feelings, and to appease the people, he had an image of silver made, and watched, with his whole Court, to see it placed in the empty niche. He made every effort to discover the author of the outrage; and failing in this, he turned his wrath against the whole body of Reformers. Louis de Berquin, twice arrested and twice liberated, had continued his bold course; he had assailed the Sorbonne, and presented memorials to the King, praying for justice against them. Unhappily, his offence and appeal occurred, on this occasion, at the same time with the outrage on the image of the Virgin—the anger of Francis was kindled, and, estranged from De Berquin, he abandoned him to his persecutors. In vain did Marguerite, who was then absent, intercede for him in a touching letter. Her intercession failed. His books and writings were burned before his face, his tongue pierced, his forehead branded, and on his public abjuration he was to be imprisoned for life. But Berquin refused to abjure, he held his faith dearer than life; and he was therefore condemned to be burnt. Again Marguerite interceded, but she was again unsuccessful. De Berquin was carried to the Place de Grève, where, in the presence of an immense concourse, he suffered a cruel death,—a death which the guillotine, erected in the same place long afterwards, retaliated on the best blood of France.

This execution was followed by a general

persecution in the year 1529, and the authorities of the Church were let loose on the Reformers. The persecution broke out again, though more partially, in 1532. The Parliament of Toulouse then arrested several Lutherans, burned one, and banished the others. At Rouen a curé was condemned to the flames. But the encouragement which the persecutors received carried them too far; and they now directed their attacks on a quarter where they roused the haughty jealousy of the King. In the end of 1531 Francis had become impatient for the return of Marguerite to the Court. But Marguerite's feelings and duties were now divided. She had no longer her duty to her mother to perform; her affection for Francis was indeed unabated, but she owed attention to the wishes of her husband, and these were strongly against removal.

He was not a favorite with the King. Francis feared his spirit of independence. He was jealous also of the deference which Marguerite paid him. Thus the position of Henry at Court was anything but agreeable; for while Francis expected his sister to devote to him her whole time and energies, he made no scruple in sending Henry from the Court on various purposes, which he could not decline. It was, therefore, the winter of 1532 before Marguerite returned to the Court. Her presence there had now become indispensable to her own safety. Her opinions had been vehemently denounced as heretical, in a public sermon delivered that winter in one of the churches at Paris, by a Doctor of the Sorbonne.

This attack was indeed disavowed by Cop, the Rector of the University, but it was followed by a still bolder step. Copies of every book published in France were sent to the library of the Sorbonne, and it was usual for the University to appoint commissioners yearly to inspect them. The "*Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*" had thus been examined, and was formally pronounced heretical. Beda, rejoicing in the conviction that either Marguerite must submit to the stigma, or, if she disavowed the work, would henceforth be at their mercy, triumphed in the blow. This step, however, roused the indignation of Francis. However indifferent to truth, he was keenly alive to the dignity of the Crown. As soon as he heard of this daring insolence, he sent for the Rector, and demanded the names of those who had condemned the work. He desired the Bishop of Senlis to undertake its defence, and he commanded the University to revoke its sentence. The Bishop of Senlis cordially accepted a task congenial to him. The Sorbonne was alarmed; Beda was silenced, and the censure withdrawn.

But though the King was thus propitiated, another outrage rekindled his indignation. This has been described to us in the graphic letter of Calvin,\* then a student in Paris, addressed to Francis Daniel, his friend, at Orleans. The College of Navarre, which boasted of its faculty of Theology, had prepared an allegorical play, which the Professors and Scholars acted in their College Hall, in the presence of the Principal. In this the Queen of Navarre was represented as a woman dropping her spindle in order to take from a demon a copy of the Scriptures: amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause this buffoonery was acted. When the King heard of it, he sent the Provost, with the archers of his guard, and, after a fight, in which both Scholars and Professors took part, the ringleaders were seized and shut up in the Conciergerie. It was only on the earnest entreaty of Marguerite that they were released. Beda, however, whose mischievous temper fired the train, was made to suffer. His exile for two years from France was a wholesome lesson to the turbulent Sorbonne. Still, though the bigots in the capital were silenced, the priests throughout the kingdom were clamorous; and, above all, the monks, on whose laziness and vice Marguerite's satires had fallen most severe. In one town, the Superior of the Franciscans declared that the Queen of Navarre ought to be tied up in a sack, and drowned in the Seine. Francis, in great wrath, commanded the authorities to treat the monk as he would have treated the Princess. The Order excited an insurrection: the populace flew to arms, and the delinquent was seized. The officer who executed the warrant was murdered, and his body dragged through the streets. It was with difficulty that Marguerite's intercessions saved the life of the culprit. But, degraded from his dignity, he was sent for two years to the galleys.

Francis' affection remained constant to his sister. As his health declined and his spirits failed, and the adulation of courtiers became hollow and vain, he turned the more eagerly to her gentle and disinterested love. Solitary, broken, and sad, he found her presence his only remaining consolation. No wonder that he sought it with such earnestness, and became impatient when it was withheld. But even that pleasure was not always within his reach. Marguerite was now compelled to be absent in Béarn, to watch over the duties which pressed upon her there. Her husband was constantly engaged in the King's service; and there was none but herself to overlook the duties of her kingdom. In 1548, also, her own health began to give way. A pre-

\* See Letters of Calvin, vol. i. p. 13.



mature confinement undermined it, and the severe winter in Béarn proved trying to a constitution not robust. Nor was it possible that so many exertions, made for a number of years, on her brother's behalf, so many rapid journeys to assist his affairs, or comfort his feelings, or cheer the members of his family, could be undertaken with impunity. The mind, indeed, was as vigorous, the spirit as buoyant, and the energy of affection as strong, but the powers began to fail; nor could she see without intense suffering the declining health of her brother, and the reverses which overtook his arms. Intense indeed was her delight when a gleam of prosperity shone upon France by the capture of Luxembourg in 1542. Her letter to him expressive of her thankfulness and joy has all the life of her earlier years (see vol. II. p. 431); and she pours forth in verse as well as in prose, her congratulations. But this was a temporary gleam. In 1545 Marguerite was called to Paris by the dangers of France, and had to cheer her brother while the armies of the Empire were at Meaux, and panic filled the capital. In 1546 a peace rescued France, but a pestilence, which desolated the kingdom, swept away among its victims the favorite son of the King. The cruel persecution of that year saddened Marguerite's heart, and her sorrow became more poignant when she heard of the cruelties inflicted on the Vaudois. The state of her brother's health filled her with alarm; and it was in sadness that they met, for the last time, within the gloomy walls of Plessis-les-Tours. In 1547 the news of her brother's death struck a blow to a constitution long undermined. It was impossible to suppose that a woman's strength could long bear the wear and tear of such constant excitement.

So many enterprises in the cause of those she loved—such deep anxiety—such alternations of hope and fear—were sure to tell at last on the eager spirit, the buoyant but delicate frame. She had always predicted that her brother's death would not long precede her own; and from the time that the news reached her, her health gave way. She appeared at Court once more, for the marriage of her daughter: but in 1549 her decline was evident, and neither the care lavished on her by her husband, nor change of place, nor resort to warmer climates, could arrest it. It was then she found the full consolation of that Holy Volume, which she had read with tears and prayers, and which, though the intensity of her sisterly affections sometimes checked the bold avowal of her conviction, supplied the governing principles of her life. The last work which occupied her pen shows the bias of her thoughts, and "Le Miroir de Jésus Christ Crucifié" was a subject worthy of her dying hours.

In the autumn of 1549 she resorted to the mineral waters of Bagnères, and as they produced no effect, she was carried to the milder air of Tarbes. There a sharp attack of pleurisy seized her, and after a few days of suffering she expired, grasping a cross which lay beside her, and murmuring with her last breath the name of her Saviour.

From the castle of Odos, where she died, she was carried to the cathedral church of Lescar, and though the Prelates of the Romish Church had not courage to eulogize one whose estrangement from their Church was notorious, the tears and regrets of her husband and her people bore witness to the gentle virtues and humble piety which had characterized her through life.

BLOTTING-PAPER.—I am disposed to agree with Spierd in thinking Carlyle must be mistaken in saying this substance was not used in Cromwell's time. The ordinary means for drying writing was by means of the fine silver sand, now but rarely used for that purpose; but I have seen pieces of blotting-paper among MSS. of the time of Charles I., so as to lead me to think it was even then used, though sparingly. This is only conjecture; but I can, however, establish its existence at a rather earlier date than 1670. In an "Account of Stationery supplied to the Receipt of the Exchequer and the Treasury, 1666—1668," occur several entries of "one quire of blotting-paper," "two quires of blotting," &c. Earlier accounts of the same kind

(which may be at the Rolls House, Chancery Lane) might enable one to fix the date of its introduction.

J. B.—x.

The following occurs in Townesend's *Preparative to Pleading* (Lond. 12mo. 1675), p. 8:

"Let the dusting or sanding of presidents in books be avoided, rather using *fine brown paper* to prevent blotting, if time of the ink's drying cannot be allowed; for sand takes away the good color of the ink, and getting into the backs of books makes them break their binding."

From this passage, it may be inferred that *fine brown paper*, to prevent blotting, was then rather a novelty.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE QUIET HOUSE.

(FROM SKETCHES OF SWABIAN LIFE.)

In a quiet by-street of the otherwise noisy little town of B——, there stood an unobtrusive house which might have been thought uninhabited, so little movement or sound was there about it, only on the garden-side, which looked out on the wide valley and green mountains, bright curtained windows, filled with blooming flowers, were observable, and behind these, sometimes, a woman's form.

This silent dwelling was the home of a peaceful maiden, who though belonging to a wide-spread family circle, was known beyond it to none but the poor, the sick, and the sad of heart. In the world and with the world she lived not; in the many small interests and gossip of the town she took no part; but with her own she warmly shared both joy and grief, and though in manner placid and full of repose, she could be merry as a child with the young and cheerful, and gladly received the throng of nephews and nieces who loved to visit their kind aunt Mary. Still she loved best to be alone in her tranquil room, where the spirit of order and peace ever reigned, and her wearied eyes could rest on the fresh bright green of the valley.

Her birth-day was in May, and it was well known that on that day Aunt Mary received no visits from her family; but every year there came a noble-looking man to the chief hotel, who immediately passed on to Aunt Mary's, and spent the few days during which he remained in the town, from morning till night with her. They took long walks and read together, and seemed till the hour of parting as if they could not have enough of earnest conversation.

After these visits the quiet Mary was for a time still more quiet, and her sisters knew that she must for a while be left alone before she again appeared in the family circle with her old, clear, unassuming mien. The visits of the distinguished stranger to the elderly maiden, who was considered a sort of devotee, raised much wonder in the town, but people got accustomed to them. The stranger was a professor in the university of a neighboring state, and a well-known author. All his works came, as soon as published, to the secluded chamber of Aunt Mary, who kept up an unbroken correspondence with him. The young growing-up nephews and nieces, espe-

cially the latter, teased their elders continually with questions and conjectures—whether he was a relation? or a friend? but had people often such friends?—but they got no satisfactory answer, and the secret was never disclosed.

Aunt Mary must once have been beautiful. Beside her friend, who though a few years older, was in the prime of manly life and vigor, she looked quite faded; but there was a mild grace diffused over her whole being, a breathing of peace which is higher than beauty, for it outlives the changes of time. Her health was very delicate, and she early felt her life decay. She usually had one of her nieces staying with her, and to her gentle influence they were indebted for much of their mental training; but now she asked her eldest sister to let her daughter Hermina, who had ever been her favorite, remain with her during the rest of her life. The young Hermina gladly agreed to the wishes of her beloved aunt, though not really thinking that she was so ill.

"But, mother," she said, "before I go to live with Aunt Mary, you should tell me something about the professor, for I do not know how I ought to behave when he comes."

"Yes, child," answered her mother, "you are in the right, and are old enough; so I will tell you what I know, though that is not much—it is a curious story."

"You know that Mary was the youngest of us all, and she was at home the darling and the pet as long as our blessed mother lived. We two elder ones were already married, and Mary not quite fourteen, when our mother died. It was a bitter grief to all; but Mary was wholly comfortless. Henceforth she had little joy at home, our father being an uncommunicative, severe man, who did not touch her heart, and in a short time he married again, and now I must tell you that none of us much liked the second mother. She was not bad, but capricious and superficial. In the first weeks she overwhelmed Mary with fondness, afterwards she took no notice of her, either for good or ill; and the poor girl grew more silent, and next to being with her spiritual instructor, our good vicar, she preferred shutting herself up with her books and flowers; yet she could be lively, and she was very beautiful, little as she thought of it."

"Am I not like her, mamma?"

"You! be sure you are not half so handsome; besides, you do not dress yourself with such neatness and simplicity as Mary did. Well, Ludovic R—— (the professor now) became acquainted with Mary on a vacation visit he made at B——, and they took great pleasure in each other's society. Nobody had a word to say against it, and we all thought it very fortunate when Mary, at the age of eighteen, was engaged to him. Now for the first time she enjoyed life, and was made much of in the family. Her father, brother, and step-mother, seemed for the first time to open their eyes to her loveliness, her understanding, and the attainments which she had acquired for herself in silence and without encouragement. The mother, indeed, was seized with a fit of maternal tenderness, and occupied herself eagerly with preparing the *trousseau*.

"Mary bloomed like a rose; her taste for books suited her lover exactly, and they were both much taken up with their studies and learned conversations. They wrote each other whole reams of letters; the old postman was obliged to call once oftener in the week; yet, when together, they were like children. All seemed to go on well, yet I observed on being with them for a longer time, that Mary seldom now went to our pastor, and was unusually timid and silent in his presence.

"They had been engaged about half a year when Ludovic was called to a professorship in N——; then was their joy complete, and the wedding-day was fixed. Mary rejoiced like a child in her new prospects; the bridal dress was prepared, and the settlements arranged. Then came the professor, before his journey, to make one more visit to his betrothed, ere he came to take her home. Mary was, as ever, bright and tender; the professor was obliged to set out at night by the stage-coach, and they took a long walk together in the evening; I think it was in the churchyard, whither they often went. Mary came in cheerful and frank from their earnest conversation, and they took as tender and affectionate a leave of each other as ever.

"The next morning Mary came down to breakfast so deathly pale that we were all frightened, though we ascribed it to the parting. Her step-mother wishing to enliven her said, 'To-morrow, Mary, we will drive to I—— to look after your things; we have

only four weeks now till the wedding.' Then said Mary, calmly, but with a low voice, 'You need take no trouble, mother; I shall have no wedding.' We all sat and stared at her with astonishment; we should have thought she was out of her senses had she not so softly and firmly sustained the storm of questions and reproaches that fell upon her. 'And Ludovic?' I asked at last. 'I have already written to him early this morning!' That was her only answer, and nothing more could we draw from her.

"The professor arrived on the second day in extreme dismay. We had all expected him with grief, but hoped everything from him. 'Set the girl's head straight,' said my father, 'or I shall grow crazy, too.' Mary received him silently, and with trembling; they went into the garden, they sat there in the arbor in which they had pledged themselves to one another, God knows how long, in ardent discourse. We were filled with good hopes. At last they came forward, both white as ghosts; the professor said to my father, that he must submit to Mary's will, and relinquish his claims; gave his hand to each, also to Mary, kissed her ice-cold brow, and departed.

"Little as I could understand Mary, I was much too sorry for her to reproach her; but my father was frightfully angry, and the step-mother threw off every pretence of affection. I took my poor sister for a time to stay with me, for she was so ill-treated that I feared the worst, and she only recovered through the stillness and peace in which I left her.

"It was not as usually the case between lovers who break off their engagements. No letters, no presents, or portraits were returned; on the contrary, the correspondence soon began again, though not so incessant as before, and Mary read her letters with such anxiety as if from each she expected the welfare of her life. I could not believe that all was over between the two, and exhausted all my eloquence when Mary grew better, to alter her mind, or at least to discover why she had so willed it. Soft and submissive as she usually is, she stood firm in this; but this I must say, that she became even more lovable and good than before. She appeared never to think of herself; so pious, so indefatigable, so kind to the poor, — she was like a real angel. When the first anger of her

father evaporated, she returned home. One gets accustomed to everything; though time may bring no roses, yet he wears away the thorns. Our father said no more, and even he seemed aware that with his pale child an angel had entered beneath his roof. From year to year we hoped for a change, but things remained the same. Eight years from that day our father died, and his widow went to relations at a distance. We would all gladly have had Mary with us, but at this time an old house in B— fell to our share as an inheritance from a cousin, and Mary begged us, as it was not likely to be sold, to give it up to her for a dwelling. This was done, and since then everything has remained as now."

This was all that Hermina could learn of her aunt's history, and it only stimulated her curiosity to know the true meaning of the mystery. This curiosity was exalted into the deepest, fondest sympathy when, in the unshared companionship of her aunt, she came fully under the influence of that peaceful, pure, and thoroughly pious nature; and never did she ask her a single question.

Aunt Mary had judged truly of her own state; her health was broken, her life hastening to decay. Soon her weakness increased so much that she could not leave her bed. Hermina never wearied in her dear and pious duty; the affection between aunt and niece grew yet stronger, and the sense of maternal love denied to Mary, now woke up within her for her young niece.

It was in the beginning of autumn, a season so fatal to complaints of this kind, one still, calm evening, Hermina sat by the invalid's bed, silently gazing on her features, when Mary lifted up her half-closed eyes.

"My child, have you written to the professor?"

"Yes, aunt, immediately you wished it."

"That is well; he will soon be here," she said, with a soft smile.

Tears stood in Hermina's eyes; her heart was full to overflowing; for the first time she spoke further.

"Aunt, dearest aunt, since you care for him so much, why, O, why!—you would surely have made him so happy!"

Mary laid her hand gently on the weeping maiden's:

"Dear child, I shall not live long—you have loved me so well you shall not think of

me as strange and capricious; I will tell you what I have never yet told to any one. Come nearer; I cannot speak long or loud. Put the lamp farther off.

"Hermina, I was younger than you, still a child, when I sat at my mother's death-bed, as you do now at mine. But with my mother all departed from me. I was beside myself with grief; I believed that I could wring her from heaven with my prayers. She alone had still the power to comfort me. On that night she spoke to me long and from her inmost heart, and laid before me the deep, steadfast, soul-felt faith which had been the joy and consolation of her life; but my grief broke ever out afresh. 'Mother, dearest mother,' I cried, 'how can I continue pious, how become good, without you? Promise me that you will come down and visit me from heaven.'—'My child,' she said, earnestly, 'you know not what you ask, such is not the will of God: God hath granted us light sufficient on our way. Yet, I promise you,' she said, with a singularly clear and strong voice, 'if God so permits it, I will come to you once more when your soul is in peril.' These were her last words."

The dying woman was silent for a long time, then she began again, with short pauses:

"Hermina, my love for Ludovic was unspeakably great—more than I have words to tell. I knew that he did not wholly share my faith,—it grieved me, but I never thought to give him up on that account—he was a noble-minded man—I trusted to the might of love—God would, through me, lead him back to the faith. But, child! that was a harder task than we are apt to believe. Ludovic's was a splendid, highly-gifted mind; the opinions of one we love are wonderfully attractive;—I did not avoid discussions on the most sacred subjects; indeed, I wished to convert him. These notions, the idealism of Christianity, as he called them, were always floating in my soul. I believed in Ludovic as long as I listened to him,—when alone, then I *felt* that this was not the truth; but the star which had hitherto shone over me, I discerned no more,—I could no longer look upwards as a child to its father. I was often secretly unhappy; yet, for all this, I did not think of giving up Ludovic. On that evening I told him everything that vexed and disturbed my soul, but he was not



shaken by it. He showed and explained to me clearly on what grounds I stood; it was merely a transition towards the truth. Once more he spread before me the whole dazzling fabric of his ideas; I could no longer discriminate—I was carried away, convinced, as I imagined; he enrolled me for a new life in the service of the Universal Spirit. Exalted, filled with a new light I thought myself when we returned, and in my quiet room it was still the same. On that night, Hermina, my mother came to me; then I knew what I must do. As his wife I could not have withstood him—and I broke the bond. He said much to me;—that not with one syllable would he ever tamper with my faith. Alas! I well knew that there is a silence in relation to some subjects which may effect more than a direct attack against which one is armed. My way was clear before me; and God has been very gracious to me. Of all the prayers which I have since then offered up to Him, one only—my first, my last, my most ardent—is yet unfulfilled. Ludovic is true towards me and towards himself; could he purchase heaven by a falsehood, he would not do it; and now, my child, good night."

On the following day came a letter. Mary read it with brightening eyes. "He has not had your letter yet, Hermina, but he is coming soon." Her sisters also came to visit her. She took an affectionate leave of them,

but did not wish them to remain. She lay calm and quiet, as in happy expectation. At length a carriage drove up; the professor flung himself from it. "Does she still live?" he asked, breathless, of Hermina. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, as she answered in the affirmative, and went to his dying friend; no preparation was here needed. Long, long the two remained together, till Hermina ventured to come in. Ludovic sat close to Mary, who, lifted up in bed, leaned her head upon his breast, and looked on him with beaming, blissful eyes. The hands of both rested, clasped together, on Mary's Bible—her dearest memorial from her sainted mother. Hermina would have stolen away, but Mary nodded kindly to her, and said, in a low voice: "Thank God, my child, my prayer is heard; my sacrifice has not been made in vain." She spoke little more; but she withdrew herself not again from him from whom she had been so long divided. Together they received the holy supper—the last that should pass Mary's lips. She died with a peaceful smile. Her countenance in death was as it were glorified, almost as lovely as when a young affianced bride, only of paler hue.

The quiet house is shut up: still for the few to whom she belonged in life it is hallowed by the soft and pious spirit of Aunt Mary.

DEATH ON THE FINGERS.—Isaac saith, I am old, and I know not the day of my death (Gen. 27: 2); no more doth any, though never so young. As soon (saith the proverb) goes the *lamb's* skin to the market as that of the *old sheep*; and the Hebrew saying is, There be as many *young* skulls in Golgotha as *old*; young men *may* die (for none have or can make any agreement with the grave, or any covenant with death, Isa. 28: 15, 18), but old men *must* die. 'Tis the grand statute of heaven (Heb. 9: 27). *Senex quasi seminez*, an old man is half dead; yea, now, at fifty years old, we are accounted three parts dead; this lesson we may learn from our fingers' ends, the dimensions whereof demonstrate this to us, beginning at the end of the little finger, representing our childhood, rising up to a little higher at the end of the ring-finger, which betokens our youth; from it to the top of the middle finger, which is the highest point of our elevated hand, and so most aptly represents our middle age, when we come to our

*axu*, or height of stature and strength; then begins our declining age, from thence to the end of our forefinger, which amounts to a little fall, but from thence to the end of the thumb there is a great fall, to show, when man goes down (in his old age) he falls fast and far, and breaks (as we say) with a witness. Now, if our very fingers' end do read us such a divine lecture of mortality, O, that we could take it out, and have it perfect (as we say) on our fingers' end, &c.

To old men death is *præ januis*, stands before their door, &c. Old men have (*pedem in cymbâ Charonis*) one foot in the grave already; and the Greek word γῆρως (an old man) is derived from παρὰ το εἰς γῆρ ὁδόν, which signifies a looking towards the ground; decrepit age goes stooping and grovelling, as groaning to the grave. It doth not only expect death, but oft solicits it.—Christ. Ness' *Compleat History and Mystery of the Old and New Test.*, fol. Lond. 1690, chap. xii. p. 227.

From Household Words.

## THE HOLY WELL.

HIDDEN in a deep wood-hollow,  
Girt about with ancient trees,  
Where the mocking echoes follow  
In the track of every breeze,  
Lies the Holy Well.  
Hoary stones up-heaped around it,  
Worn and mossed with age, surround it,  
In the lonely dell.

Down the hill-side frets the water,  
Gurgling to the shadowed pool,  
With a trickling, ringing laughter  
As it fills the basin full,  
The gray-green stones among.  
And a music like bells pealing,  
Wavelets gushing, eddies reeling  
With a wild, wild song!

All about its brink the aspen  
Quivers into sun and shade;  
Asphodel and bindweed, clasp  
Tendrils-wise, thick bowers have made  
The noisy rill about.  
And always 'mongst the broad ferns waving,  
When the summer storms are raving,  
Zephyrs play in and out.

Softly, in the evening twilight,  
When the air is hushed and still,  
Closed the little peering eye-bright,  
And the shadows on the hill  
Are fast asleep;  
Down the dark and windy hollow,  
Where the traitor echoes follow,  
Cometh one to weep:

She is young, and fresh, and blooming,  
Has a brow most pure and fair;  
Through the purple summer gloaming  
Come her step and form of air,  
Secretly and slow;  
Lest some lurking spy should follow,  
Down the dark and windy hollow,  
Where she fain would go.

Trailing with a laggard foot-fall,  
Drawn by hope, withheld by fear,  
Through the plummy ferns at night-fall,  
When the sky shows dim and drear  
Beyond the trees;

With a cheek, now flushing, paling,  
To her heart's wild inner wailing,  
Starting at each breeze.

Slowly, down the steep green hill-side,  
Over slippery, lichened stones,  
Slowly, by the Holy Well-side,  
Listening to its murmured tones,  
Down on her knee;

With the black boughs o'er her swaying,  
Softly weeping, softly saying,  
"Loveth he me?"

By the Holy Well down kneeling,  
Watching for her gain or loss,  
O'er its mirror-darkness stealing,  
Light, with shade of pines across,  
Like pale moonbeams;

Slow and solemn as the warning  
Eastern light of winter morning,  
On our waking dreams.

Brightening still until the lustre  
Glow like topaz in the shade;  
And the tiny eddies muster  
Like a framework round it laid,  
Fretted o'er with gold;  
And the inner circle glistens,  
While the night stands still and listens,  
To that question old.

On the brink low bends the maiden,  
Peering down into the glass,  
All her soul with terror laden,  
Asking of the shades that pass,  
"Loveth he me?"  
With a tone of sad complaining,  
While the light is slowly waning,  
"Loveth he me?"

Thrice her white lips opening quiver,  
Ere she dares to speak again;  
Creeping down the little river  
Steals the darkness back again;  
"Loveth he me?"  
Comes a sound of fairy laughter,  
Trilling sweep the echoes after,  
"He loveth thee!"

Up she rises, gayly, gladly,  
On her lip the rose-flush warms;  
All the tiny zephyrs madly  
Wake and toy with her alarms,  
As she trips away;  
Startled by a dead leaf falling,  
Or a wakeful echo calling  
To the coming day.

Hastes she from the haunted hollow,  
Light of heart, and swift of foot;  
Ever as she goes, there follow  
Voices murmuring like the lute,  
"He loveth thee!"  
All her spirits inly ringing  
To their wild and tuneful singing,  
"He loveth me!"

Many a mile of lonely woodland  
Lies between her and her home;  
Hill, and dale, and heathery moorland  
Where the hunters rarely come  
Seeking their game.  
But, it chanced that morning early  
While the dew lay bright and pearly,  
Herbert Wilford came.

With a downcast brow and darkling,  
Full of pride and full of ire,  
And an eye both hot and sparkling,  
Kindled at his wild heart's fire —  
And his teeth set.

In an opening of the glade,  
Suddenly within the shade,  
There they two met.

O'er her face there came a flushing;  
Could it be the morning light?  
Or a tide of blushes rushing  
From her pure love into sight,  
To betray her?

Herbert in her fair face peering,  
With hot gaze her forehead searing,  
Looked as he could slay her.

"Hast thou been to Haunted Hollow,  
Wilful, false, proud, fickle May?  
Art thou pleased to see me follow  
On thy steps till break of day,  
Vain little heart?"

'Tis said that on the Eve St. John,  
Maids to Holy Well have gone  
To ask their fate.

"'Tis a year, May, since we parted—  
I in anger, thou in tears.

I have seen thee merry-hearted,  
Joyous with thy young compeers,  
Forgetting me.

If the echo told thee truly,  
As I read thy blush untruly,  
It said, 'Still loveth he.' "

From his dark brow passed the glooming;  
From her heart fled all her fears,  
While the purple fells were blooming,  
Under morning's lustrous tears,  
Upon the lea.

And tinkled, as they went, the hare-bells,  
All the little fairy joy-bells,

"Loveth he me?"  
"He loveth thee!"  
"Loveth she me?"  
"She loveth thee!"

#### THE LOGGER'S SONG.

BY GODFREY GREYLOCK.

Up, brothers, join our march to-night!  
The crinkling snow is sparkling bright;  
The ringing echoes far prolong  
The chorus of our wild road song;  
And the startled deer from his covert springs,  
As our shout through the forest arches rings,  
And off to his mountain fastness hies  
Where, silver white, Katahdin lies,  
A-glow with the full moon's ray!

Then up and away, away,  
To the forest deep, where the wild deer leap  
O'er the track of our frozen way!

Up, comrades, leave your dull fireside!  
Through cloudless skies the moonbeams glide;  
Your northern blood will leap, I ween,  
Where cuts the night air clear and keen,  
Where the golden stars with a softer beam  
Through the frozen mist of the river gleam;  
And, arrayed in wreaths of gem-like snow,  
The pines their tasselled branches throw  
Far over the frozen way!

Then up and away, away,  
To the forest deep, where the wild deer leap  
O'er the track of our frozen way!

One gentle thought to those we leave!  
They'll miss us sore, come fall of eve,  
For maiden dreams from scenes more gay  
To forest camps shall often stray.

And we,—we will chime with the wintry blast,  
As it whistles our forest-dwelling past,  
A song to tell to the rushing storm  
That still the Logger's heart is warm  
And true to the far away!  
Then up and away, away,  
To the forest deep, where the wild deer leap  
O'er the track of our frozen way!

#### PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty!  
Mine — all mine, and for love, not duty:  
Love given willingly, full and free,  
Love for love's sake, as I love thee.

Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,  
But Love, the master, goes in and out  
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,  
Just as he please — just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,  
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;  
Give a warm hand to a friend — a smile,  
Like a generous lady, now and a while;  
But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,  
Keep holiest of holies evermore —  
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,  
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own — without doubts or terrors;  
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,  
Unto me and to me alone revealed,  
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed,"  
Many may praise thee — praise mine and  
thine;

Many may love thee — I'll love them too;  
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,  
Must be mine — mine wholly — forever mine.

Mine! — God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given  
Something all mine on this side heaven;  
Something as much myself to be  
As this my soul which I lift to Thee:

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,  
Life of my life — us, whom Thou dost make  
Two to the world, for the world's work's sake.  
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

*Chambers' Journal.*

#### FROM LIFE TO LIFE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A MUSIC in her ears, no earthly voices  
Have e'er discoursed — none but the dying heard;  
A golden light, the wings of some glad bird  
That in the suns of Paradise rejoices,  
She sees — no other sees it: human noises  
Are mute to her forever. Scarcely stirred  
By her departing breath and murmur'd word  
Is the dark hair that sweeps in grief above  
Her pale yet radiant face! — "Weep not, dear  
love!"

I hear and see the joys of Heaven — the strife  
Of Earth forever past! I see where stand  
Angels to bear me to that Better Land;  
Where I shall wait for thee with God above!"  
— Thus said, She gently passed from life to LIFE!

## FIRST EDITION OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

The first edition of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" — now extremely rare, and not even in the British Museum — is a neat, small duodecimo volume of 135 pages. It is illustrated with four engravings from drawings by J. Graham, but all of a commonplace character, rather coarsely engraved. The first part of the poem contains 604 lines; the second part only 326. This inequality suggested to the poet the additions subsequently made to the second part, which are among the finest passages in the poem as it now stands. After the couplet —

"Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,  
And Charles beheld — nor shudder'd at the sight,"

the succeeding twenty-four lines are not in the edition. A little further on, after the verse —

"Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within,"

no less than one hundred and thirty lines were added. These important additions appear in the quarto subscription edition published by Campbell in 1803, which, as stated on the title-page, was the seventh edition. The analysis now prefixed to each part was also added subsequently to the first publication of the poem. The notes to the first edition are longer than those now given. In place of a short allusion to the partition of Poland, there is an extract from the "Annual Register" for 1794, occupying more than six pages. A passage from Falconer's "Shipwreck," of thirty-three lines, and a scene of more than two pages from Schiller's tragedy of *The Robbers*, are also quoted. The object of these lengthened notes was no doubt to add a few more pages to the slender volume, or, as Swift said of Dryden's prefaces —

"Merely writ at first for filling,  
To raise the volume's price a shilling."

Besides the "Pleasures of Hope," the volume of 1799 contains the translation from Euripides, the poem of "Love and Madness," and three songs — The Wounded Hussar, Gilderoy, and The Harper. From some early manuscripts of Campbell's, we select two slight pieces:

"From Anacreon.

"The sable earth imbibes the rain,  
The trees and shrubs drink it again,  
The sea into his spacious breast  
Imbibes the gales of air compress'd;

The sun in his prodigious cup  
Drinks all the seas and rivers up,  
The silver light the moon displays  
Is but a draught from Phoebus' rays.  
Why, then, companions, chide my choice,  
Who wish to drink and still rejoice?

T. C., set. 12

"Song — A Gaelic Air. (To Mary Keddie.)

"Mary, my love, thou'rt sweet as any flower,  
And fresh as the dew on the hawthorn tree;  
'Tis not thy silk robe, thy gold, nor thy dower,  
But Mary herself that is charming to me.  
Sit thee down by my side,  
I have made thee my bride,  
Only death shall divide  
My Mary and me!

"Fly, merry time, as light as a feather,  
Noontide and evening thou shalt see  
At the flock, or the field, or the fireside together,  
So blithe, so contented, my Mary and me!  
Sit thee down by my side," &c.

The lady here commemorated became Mrs. Ireland, mother of Mr. Ireland, of the "Manchester Examiner." She was an accomplished musician, as Dr. Beattie in his copious and interesting Life of Campbell tells us, "and in listening to her melodies the young poet spent many of those soothing hours which in after life he so delighted to recall." In his jovial moments, when his poetical sensitiveness and dignity were laid asleep, Campbell would sometimes say, "There is a line of mine in the 'Pleasures of Hope' which used to be greatly admired by the Anna Matildas —

"The wolf's long howl by Oonalaska's shore."

*I stole that line from an obscure poem, 'The Sentimental Sailor.'*" Some years after the poet's death, we accidentally met with a notice of this poem in an old magazine. It is entitled "The Sentimental Sailor; or, St. Preux to Eloisa. By a Young Gentleman of Edinburgh." Published by Kincaid and Creech, 1772. The line alluded to is part of a description of Meillerie, which I subjoin:

"Now, in conflicting strife of passions toss'd,  
I seek of Meillerie the savage coast.  
The naked trees, the desolated ground,  
The sullen lake, the barren rocks around,  
The cold north-east, with piercing gust that blows,  
The thundering torrent of descending snows,  
The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled,  
The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild,  
*The wolf's long howl in dismal concert join'd,*  
— These suit the tone of my desponding mind."

A lame and impotent conclusion! Campbell's memory had retained the only bold and original expression in the passage. — *Literary Gazette.*

RIDDLES FOR THE POST-OFFICE. — The following is an exact copy of the direction of a letter mailed a few years ago by a German living in Lancaster county, Pa.:

"Tis is fur old Mr. Willy wot brinds de Baber in Lang Kaster ware ti gal is gist rede him assume as it cums to ti Pushtufous."

Meaning —

"This is for old Mr. Willy, what prints the paper in Lancaster, where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the Post-Office."

Inclosed was an essay against public schools.  
UNEDA



## CHAPTER IV.

My first few days' experience in my new position satisfied me that Doctor Knaptown preserved himself from betrayal by a system of surveillance worthy of the very worst days of the Holy Inquisition itself. No man of us ever knew that he was not being over-looked at home, or followed when he went out, by another man. Peep-holes were pierced in the wall of each room, and we were never certain, while at work, whose eye was observing, or whose ear was listening in secret. Though we all lived together, we were probably the least united body of men ever assembled under one roof. By way of effectually keeping up the want of union between us, we were not all trusted alike. I soon discovered that Old File and Young File were much further advanced in the doctor's confidence than Mill, Screw, or myself. There was a locked-up room, and a continually-closed door shutting off a back staircase, of both of which Old File and Young File possessed keys that were never so much as trusted in the possession of the rest of us. There was also a trapdoor in the floor of the principal work-room, the use of which was known to nobody but the doctor and his two privileged men. If we had not been all nearly on an equality in the matter of wages, these distinctions would have made bad blood among us. As it was, nobody having reason to complain of unjustly-diminished wages, nobody cared about any preferences in which profit was not involved.

The doctor must have gained a great deal of money by his skill as a coiner. His profits in business could never have averaged less than five hundred per cent.; and, to do him justice, he was really a generous as well as a rich master. Even I, as a new hand, was, in fair proportion, as well paid by the week as the rest. We, of course, had nothing to do with the passing of false money — we only manufactured it (sometimes at the rate of four hundred pounds' worth in a week); and left its circulation to be managed by our customers in London and the large towns. Whatever we paid for in Barkingham was paid for in the genuine Mint coinage. I used often to compare my own true guineas, half-crowns and shillings with our imitations under the doctor's supervision, and was always amazed at the resemblance. Our scientific chief had discovered a process something like what is called electrotyping now-a-days, as I imagine. He was very proud of this; but he was prouder still of the ring of his metal, and with reason: it must have been a nice ear indeed that could discover the false tones in the doctor's coinage.

If I had been the most scrupulous man in the world, I must still have received my

wages, for the very necessary purpose of not appearing to distinguish myself invidiously from my fellow-workmen. Upon the whole, I got on well with them. Old File and I struck up quite a friendship. Young File and Mill worked harmoniously with me; but Screw and I (as I had foreboded) quarrelled. This last man was not on good terms with his fellows, and had less of the doctor's confidence than any of the rest of us. Naturally not of a sweet temper, his isolated position in the house had soured him, and he rashly attempted to vent his ill-humor on me, as a new-comer. For some days I bore with him patiently; but at last he got the better of my powers of endurance; and I gave him a lesson in manners, one day, on the educational system of Gentleman Jones. He did not return the blow, or complain to the doctor; he only looked at me wickedly, and said: "I'll be even with you for that, some of these days." I soon forgot the words and the look.

With Old File, as I have said, I became quite friendly. Excepting the secrets of our prison-house, he was ready enough to talk on subjects about which I was curious. He had known the doctor as a young man, and was perfectly familiar with all the events of his career. From various conversations, at odds and ends of spare time, I discovered that our employer had begun life as a footman in a gentleman's family; that his young mistress had eloped with him, taking away with her every article of value that was her own personal property, in the shape of jewelry and dresses; that they had lived upon the sale of these things for some time; and that the husband, when the wife's means were exhausted, had turned strolling-player for a year or two. Abandoning that pursuit, he had next turned quack-doctor, first in a resident, then in a vagabond capacity — taking a medical degree of his own conferring, and holding to it as a good travelling title for the rest of his life. From the selling of quack medicines he had proceeded to the adulterating of foreign wines, varied by lucrative evening occupation in the Paris gambling-houses. On returning to his native land, he still continued to turn his chemical knowledge to account, by giving his services to that particular branch of our commercial industry which is coarsely described as the adulteration of commodities; and from this he had gradually risen to the more refined pursuit of adulterating gold and silver — or, to use the common phrase again, making bad money. According to Old File's account, though he had never actually ill-used his wife, he had never lived on kind terms with her; the main cause of the estrangement between them being a suspicion on the doctor's

part that Mrs. Knapton had kept some of her possessions in jewelry concealed from him, from the day of their marriage to the hour of her death. Whether this suspicion was well founded or not, and whether it had been transferred to the daughter after her mother's death, was more than my informant could tell. He seemed, to my astonishment and vexation, to know little or nothing about Laura's relations with her father. That she must long since have discovered him to be not quite so respectable a man as he looked, and that she might shrewdly suspect what was going on in the house at the present time, were, in Old File's opinion, matters of certainty; but that she knew anything positively on the subject of her father's actual occupations, he seemed to doubt. The doctor was not the sort of man to give his daughter, or any other woman, the slightest chance of ever surprising his secrets.

These particulars I gleaned during a month of servitude and imprisonment in the fatal red-brick house. During all that time not the slightest intimation reached me of Laura's whereabouts. Had she forgotten me? I could not believe it. Unless the dear brown eyes were the falsest hypocrites in the world, it was impossible that she should have forgotten me. Was she watched? Were all means of communicating with me, even in secret, carefully removed from her? I looked oftener and oftener into the doctor's study, as those questions occurred to me; but he never quitted it without locking the writing-desk first—he never left any papers scattered on the table, and he was never absent from the room at any special times and seasons that could be previously calculated upon. I began to despair, and to feel in my lonely moments a yearning to renew that childish experiment of crying, which I have already adverted to, in the way of confession. Moralists will be glad to hear that I really suffered acute mental misery at this time of my life. My state of depression would have gratified the most exacting of Methodists; and my penitent face would have made my fortune if I could only have been exhibited by a reformatory association on the platform of Exeter Hall.

How much longer was this to last? Whither should I turn my steps when I regained my freedom? In what direction throughout all England should I begin seeking for Laura? Sleeping and waking—working and idling—those were now my constant thoughts. I did my best to prepare myself for every emergency that could happen; I tried to arm myself beforehand against every possible accident that could befall me. While I was still hard at work

sharpening my faculties and disciplining my energies in this way, events occurred in the red-brick house which I had never anticipated; and an accident befel the doctor, on the possibility of which I had not dared to calculate even in my most hopeful moments.

One morning I was engaged in the principal work-room with my employer. We were alone. Old File and his son were occupied in the garrets. Screw had been sent to Barkingham, accompanied, on the usual precautionary plan, by Mill. They had been gone nearly an hour when the doctor sent me into the next room to moisten and knead up some plaster of Paris. While I was engaged in this occupation, I suddenly heard strange voices in the large work-room. My curiosity was instantly excited. I went to the peephole in the wall, and looked through it.

I saw first my old enemy Screw, with his villanous face much paler than usual; next two respectably-dressed strangers, whom he appeared to have brought into the room; and next to them Young File, addressing himself to the doctor.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said my friend, the workman-like footman; "but before these gentlemen say anything for themselves, I wish to explain, as they seem strangers to you, that I only let them in after I had heard them give the pass-word. My instructions are to let anybody in on our side of the door if they can give the pass-word. No offence, sir, but I want it to be understood that I have done my duty."

"Quite right, my man," said the doctor, in his blandest manner. "You may go back to your work."

Young File left the room, with a scrutinizing look for the two strangers, and a suspicious frown for Screw.

"Allow us to introduce ourselves," began the elder of the two strangers.

"Pardon me for a moment," interposed the doctor. "Where is Mill?" he added turning to Screw.

"Doing our errands at Barkingham," answered Screw, turning paler than ever.

"We happened to meet your two men, and to ask them the way to your house," said the stranger who had just spoken. "This man, with a caution that does him infinite credit, required to know our business before he told us. We managed to introduce the pass-word—Happy-go-lucky—into our answer. This of course quieted suspicion; and he, at our request, guided us here, leaving his fellow-workman, as he has just told you, to do all errands at Barkingham."

While these words were being spoken, I saw Screw's eyes wandering discontentedly and amazedly round the room. He had left

me in it with the doctor before he went out: was he disappointed at not finding me in it on his return?

While this thought was passing through my mind, the stranger resumed his explanations.

"We are here," he said, "as agents appointed to transact private business, out of London, for Mr. Manasseh, with whom you have dealings, I think?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, with a smile.

"And who owes you a little account, which we are appointed to settle."

"Just so!" remarked the doctor, pleasantly rubbing his hands one over the other. "My good friend, Mr. Manasseh, does not like to trust the post, I suppose? Very glad to make your acquaintance, gentlemen. Have you got the little memorandum about you?"

"Yes; but we think there is a slight inaccuracy in it. Have you any objection to let us refer to your ledger?"

"Not the least in the world. Screw, go down into my private laboratory, open the table-drawer nearest the window, and bring up a locked book, with a parchment cover, which you will find in it."

As Screw obeyed, I saw a look pass between him and the two strangers which made me begin to feel a little uneasy. I thought the doctor noticed it too; but he preserved his countenance, as usual, in a state of the most unruffled composure.

"What a time that fellow is gone!" he exclaimed, gayly. "Perhaps I had better go and get the book myself."

The two strangers had been gradually lessening the distance between the doctor and themselves, ever since Screw had left the room. The last words were barely out of his mouth, before they both sprang upon him, and pinned his arms with their hands.

"Steady, my fine fellow," said Mr. Manasseh's head agent. "It's no go. We are Bow Street runners, and we've got you for coining."

"Not a doubt of it," said the doctor, with the most superb coolness. "You need n't hold me. I'm not fool enough to resist when I'm fairly caught."

"Wait till we've searched you; and then we'll talk about that," said the runner.

The doctor submitted to the searching with the patience of a martyr. No offensive weapon being found in his pockets, they allowed him to sit down unmolested in the nearest chair.

"Screw, I suppose?" said the doctor, looking inquiringly at the officers.

"Exactly," said the principal man of the two. "We have been secretly corresponding with him for weeks past. We have nabbed

the man who went out with him, and got him safe at Barkingham. Don't expect Screw back with the ledger. As soon as he has made sure that the rest of you are in the house, he is to fetch another man or two of our Bow Street lot, who are waiting to come in till they hear from us. We only want an old man and a young one, and a third pal of yours who's a gentleman born, to make a regular clearance in the house. When we have once got you all, it will be the prettiest capture that's ever been made since I was in the force."

What the doctor answered to this I cannot say. Just as the officer had done speaking, I heard footsteps approaching the room in which I was listening. Was Screw looking for me? I instantly closed the peep-hole, and got behind the door. It opened back upon me, and, sure enough, Screw entered cautiously.

An empty old wardrobe stood opposite the door. Evidently suspecting that I might have taken the alarm and concealed myself inside it, he approached it on tiptoe. On tiptoe also I followed him; and, just as his hands were on the wardrobe door, my hands were on his throat. I had the disadvantage of being obliged to seize him from behind; but he was fortunately a little man, and no match for me. I easily and gently laid him on his back, in a voiceless and half-suffocated state, throwing myself right over him to keep his legs quiet. When I saw his face getting black, and his small eyes growing largely globular, I let go with one hand, crammed my empty plaster of Paris bag, which lay close by, into his mouth, tied it fast, secured his hands and feet, and then left him perfectly harmless, while I took counsel with myself how best to secure my own safety.

I should have made my escape at once, but for what I heard the officer say about the men who were waiting to come in. Were they waiting near or at a distance? Were they on the watch at the front or the back of the house? I thought it highly desirable to give myself what chance there might be of ascertaining their whereabouts from the talk of the officers in the next room, before I risked the possibility of running right into their clutches. So I cautiously opened the peep-hole once more.

The doctor appeared to be still on the most friendly terms with his vigilant guardians from Bow Street.

"Have you any objection to my ringing for some lunch before we are all taken off to London together?" I heard him ask in his most cheerful tones. "A glass of wine and a bit of bread and cheese won't do you any harm, gentlemen, if you are as hungry as I am."

"If you want to eat and drink, order the victuals at once," replied one of the runners, sulkily. "We don't happen to want anything ourselves."

"Sorry for it," said the doctor. "I have some of the best old Madeira in England."

"Like enough," retorted the officer, sarcastically. "But you see we are not quite such fools as we look; and we have heard of such a thing, in our time, as hoccussed wine."

"O fie! fie!" exclaimed the doctor, merrily. "Remember how well I am behaving myself, and don't wound my feelings by suspecting me of such shocking treachery as that!"

He moved to a corner of the room behind him, and touched a knob in the wall which I had never before observed. A bell rang directly, which had a new tone to my ears.

"Too bad," said the doctor, turning round again to the runners; "really too bad, gentlemen, to suspect me of that!"

Shaking his head deprecatingly, he moved back to the corner, pulled aside something in the wall, disclosed the mouth of a pipe which I had never seen before, and called down it:

"Moses!"

It was the first time I had heard that name in the house.

"Who is Moses?" inquired the officers both together, advancing on him suspiciously.

"Only my servant," answered the doctor. He turned once more to the pipe, and called down it:

"Bring up the Stilton Cheese, and a bottle of the Old Madeira."

The cheese we had in cut at that time was of purely Dutch extraction. I remembered Port, Sherry, and Claret, in my palmy dinner-days at the doctor's family table; but certainly not Old Madeira. Perhaps he selfishly kept his best wine and his choicest cheese for his own consumption.

"Sam," said one of the runners to the other, "you look to our civil friend here, and I'll grab Moses when he brings up the lunch."

"Would you like to see what the operation of coining is, while my man is getting the lunch ready?" said the doctor. "It may be of use to me at the trial, if you can testify that I afforded you every facility for finding out anything you might want to know. Only you mention my polite anxiety to make things easy and instructive from the very first, and I may get recommended to mercy. See here—this queer-looking machine, gentlemen (from which two of my men derive their nick-names), is what we call a Mill-and-Screw."

He began to explain the machine with the

manner and tone of a lecturer at a scientific institution. In spite of themselves, the officers burst out laughing. I looked round at Screw as the doctor got deeper into his explanations. The traitor was rolling his wicked eyes horribly at me. They presented so shocking a sight, that I looked away again. What was I to do next? The minutes were getting on, and I had not heard a word yet, through the peep-hole, on the subject of the reserve of Bow Street runners outside. Would it not be best to risk everything, and get away at once by the back of the house?

Just as I had resolved on venturing the worst and making my escape forthwith, I heard the officers interrupt the doctor's lecture.

"Your lunch is a long time coming," said one of them.

"Moses is lazy," answered the doctor; "and the Madeira is in a remote part of the cellar. Shall I ring again?"

"Hang your ringing again!" growled the runner impatiently. "I don't understand why our reserve men are not here yet. Suppose you go and give them a whistle, Sam."

"I don't half like leaving you," returned Sam. "This learned gentleman here is rather a shifty sort of a chap; and it strikes me that two of us is n't a bit too much to watch him."

"What's that?" exclaimed Sam's comrade, suspiciously.

A crash of broken crockery in the lower part of the house had followed the last word of the cautious officer's speech. Naturally, I could draw no special inference from the sound; but, for all that, it filled me with a breathless interest and suspicion, which held me irresistibly at the peep-hole, though the moment before I had made up my mind to fly from the house.

"Moses is awkward as well as lazy," said the doctor. "He has dropped the tray! O, dear, dear me! he has certainly dropped the tray."

"Let's take our learned friend down-stairs between us," suggested Sam. "I shan't be easy till we've got him out of the house."

"And I shan't be easy if we don't handcuff him before we leave the room," returned the other.

"Rude conduct, gentlemen—after all that has passed, remarkably rude conduct," said the doctor. "May I, at least, get my hat while my hands are at liberty? It hangs on that peg opposite to us." He moved towards it a few steps into the middle of the room while he spoke.

"Stop!" said Sam; "I'll get your hat for you. We'll see if there's anything inside it or not, before you put it on."



The doctor stood stock-still, like a soldier at the word, Halt.

"And I'll get the handcuffs," said the other runner, searching his coat-pockets.

The doctor bowed to him assentingly and forgivingly.

"Only oblige me with my hat, and I shall be quite ready for you," he said — paused for one moment, then repeated the words, "Quite Ready," in a louder tone; and then instantly disappeared through the floor!

I saw the two officers rush from opposite ends of the room to a great opening in the middle of it. The trap-door on which the doctor had been standing, and on which he had descended, closed up with a bang at the same moment; and a friendly voice from the lower regions called out gayly, "Good-bye!"

The officers next made for the door of the room. It had been locked from the other side. As they tore furiously at the handle, the roll of the wheels of the doctor's gig sounded on the drive in front of the house; and the friendly voice called out once more, "Good-bye!"

I waited just long enough to see the baffled officers unbarring the window-shutters for the purpose of giving the alarm, before I closed the peep-hole, and with a farewell look at the distorted face of my prostrate enemy, Screw, left the room.

The doctor's study-door was open as I passed it on my way down-stairs. The locked writing-desk, which probably contained the only clue to Laura's retreat that I was likely to find, was in its usual place on the table. There was no time to break it open on the spot. I rolled it up in my apron, took it off bodily under my arm, and descended to the iron door on the staircase. Just as I was within sight of it, it was opened from the landing on the other side. I turned to run up-stairs again, when a familiar voice cried, "Stop!" and looking round, I beheld Young File.

"All right!" he said. "Father's off with the governor in the gig, and the runners in hiding outside are in full cry after them. If Bow Street can get within pistol-shot of the blood mare, all I can say is, I give Bow Street full leave to fire away with both barrels! Where's Screw?"

"Gagged by me in the casting-room."

"Well done, you! Got all your things, I see, under your arm? Wait two seconds while I grab my money. Never mind the rumpus up-stairs, — there's nobody outside to help them; and the gate's locked, if there was."

He darted past me up the stairs. I could hear the imprisoned officers shouting for help from the top windows. Their reserve men

must have been far away, by this time, in pursuit of the gig; and there was not much chance of their getting useful help from any stray countryman who might be passing along the road, except in the way of sending a message to Barkingham. Any how we were sure of a half-hour to escape in, at the very least.

"Now then," said Young File, rejoining me, "let's be off by the back way through the plantation. How came you to lay your lucky hands on Screw?" he continued, when we had passed through the iron door, and had closed it after us.

"Tell me first how the doctor managed to make a hole in the floor just in the nick of time."

"What! did you see the trap sprung?"

"I saw everything through the hole in the wall."

"The devil you did! Had you any notion that signals were going on all the while you were on the watch? We have a regular set of them in case of accidents. It's a rule that father and me and the doctor are never to be in the workroom together — so as to keep one of us always at liberty to act on the signals. — Where are you going to?"

"Only to get the gardener's ladder, to help us over the wall. Go on."

"The first signal is a private bell — that means, *Listen at the pipe*. The next is a call down the pipe for 'Moses,' — that means, *Danger! Lock the door*. 'Stilton Cheese' means, *Put the mare to*; and 'Old Madeira,' *Stand by the trap*. The trap works in that locked up room you never got into; and when our hands are on the machinery we are awkward enough to have a little accident with the luncheon tray. 'Quite Ready' is the signal to lower the trap, which we do in the regular theatre-fashion. We lowered the doctor smartly enough, as you saw, and got out by the back staircase. Father went in the gig, and I let them out and locked the gates after them. Now you know as much as I've got breath to tell you."

We scaled the wall easily by the help of the ladder. When we were down on the other side, Young File suggested that the safest course for us was to separate, and for each to take his own way. We shook hands and parted. He went southward, towards London, and I went westward, towards the sea-coast, with Dr. Knapton's precious writing-desk safe under my arm.

For a couple of hours I walked on briskly, careless in what direction I went, so long as I kept my back turned on Barkingham. By the time I had put ten miles of ground, according to my calculations, between me and the red brick house, I began to look upon the doctor's writing-desk rather in the light

of an incumbrance, and determined to examine it without further delay. Accordingly I picked up the first large stone I could find in the road, crossed a common, burst through a hedge, and came to a halt, on the other side, in a thick plantation. Here, finding myself well screened from public view, I broke open the desk with the help of the stone, and began to look over the contents.

To my unspeakable disappointment I found but few papers of any kind to examine. The desk was beautifully fitted with all the necessary materials for keeping up a large correspondence; but there were not more than half a dozen letters in it altogether. Four were on business matters, and the other two were of a friendly nature, referring to persons and things in which I did not feel the smallest interest. I found, besides, half a dozen bills receipted (the doctor was a mirror of punctuality in the payment of tradesmen), note and letter-paper of the finest quality, clarified pens, a pretty little pin-cushion, two small account-books filled with the neatest entries, and some leaves of blotting-paper. Nothing else, absolutely nothing else, in the treacherous writing-desk on which I had implicitly relied to guide me to Laura's hiding-place.

I groaned in sheer wretchedness over the destruction of all my dearest plans and hopes. If the Bow Street runners had come into the plantation just as I had completed the rifling of the desk, I think I should have let them take me without making the slightest effort at escape. As it was, no living soul appeared within sight of me. I must have sat at the foot of a tree for full half an hour, with the doctor's useless bills and letters before me, with my head in my hands, and with all my energies of body and mind utterly crushed down by despair. At the end of the half-hour, the natural restlessness of my faculties began to make itself felt. Whatever may be said about it in books, no emotion in this world ever did, or ever will, last for long together. The strong feeling may return over and over again; but it must have its constant intervals of change or repose. In real life the bitterest grief doggedly takes its rest and dries its eyes; the heaviest despair sinks to a certain level, and stops there to give hope a chance of rising, in spite of us. Even the joy of an unexpected meeting is always an imperfect sensation, for it never lasts long enough to justify our secret anticipations—our happiness dwindles to mere every-day contentment before we have half done with it.

I raised my head, and gathered the bills and letters together, and stood up a man again, wondering at the variableness of my own temper, at the curious elasticity of that toughest of all the vital substances within us,

which we call Hope. "Sitting and sighing at the foot of this tree," thought I, "is not the way to find Laura, or to secure my own safety. Let me circulate my blood and rouse my ingenuity, by taking to the road again." However, before I forced my way back to the open side of the hedge, I thought it desirable to tear up the bills and letters, for fear of being traced by them if they were found in the plantation. The desk I left where it was, there being no name on it. The note-paper and pens I pocketed—forlorn as my situation was, it did not authorize me to waste stationery. The blotting-paper was the last thing left to dispose of: two neatly-folded sheets, quite clean, except in one place, where the impression of a few lines of writing appeared. I was about to put the blotting-paper into my pocket after the pens, when something in the look of the writing impressed on it, stopped me.

Four blurred lines of not more, apparently, than two or three words each, running out one beyond another regularly from left to right. Had the doctor been composing poetry and blotting it in a violent hurry? At a first glance, that was more than I could tell. The order of the written letters, whatever they might be, was reversed on the face of the impression taken of them by the blotting-paper. I turned to the other side of the leaf. The order of the letters were now right, but the letters themselves were sometimes too faintly impressed, sometimes too much blurred together to be legible. I held the leaf up to the light, and there was a complete change: the blurred letters grew clearer, the invisible connecting lines appeared—I could read the words, from first to last.

The writing must have been hurried, and it had to all appearances been hurriedly dried towards the corner of a perfectly clean leaf of the blotting-paper. After twice reading, I felt sure that I had made out correctly the following address:

Miss James,  
2, Zion Place,  
Crickelly,  
N. Wales.

It was hard, under the circumstances, to form an opinion as to the handwriting; but I thought I could recognize the character of some of the doctor's letters, even in the blotted impression of them. Supposing I was right, who was Miss James?

Some Welsh friend of the doctor's, unknown to me? Probably enough. But why not Laura herself under an assumed name? Having sent her from home to keep her out of my way, it seemed next to a certainty that her father would take all possible

measures to prevent my tracing her, and would, therefore, as a common act of precaution, forbid her to travel under her own name. Crickgelly, North Wales, was assuredly a very remote place to banish her to; but then the doctor was not a man to do things by halves: he knew the lengths to which my cunning and resolution were capable of carrying me; and he would have been innocent indeed if he had hidden his daughter from me in any place within reasonable distance of Barkingham. Last, and not least important, Miss James sounded in my ears exactly like an assumed name. Was there ever any woman absolutely and literally named Miss James? However I may have altered my opinion on this point since, my mind was not in a condition at that time to admit the possible existence of any such individual as a maiden James. Before, therefore, I had put the precious blotting-paper into my pocket, I had satisfied myself that my first duty, under all the circumstances, was to shape my flight immediately to Crickgelly. I could be certain of nothing—not even of identifying the doctor's handwriting by the impression on the blotting-paper. But provided I kept clear of Barkingham, it was all the same to me what part of the United Kingdom I went to; and, in the absence of any actual clue to Laura's place of residence, there was consolation and encouragement even in following an imaginary trace. My spirits rose to their natural height as I struck into the high road again, and beheld across the level plain the smoke, chimneys, and church-spires of a large manufacturing town. There I saw the welcome promise of a coach—the happy chance of making my journey to Crickgelly easy and rapid from the very outset.

On my way to the town, I was reminded by the staring of all the people I passed on the road, of one important consideration which I had hitherto most unaccountably overlooked—the necessity of making some radical change in my personal appearance. I had no cause to dread the Bow Street runners, for not one of them had seen me; but I had the strongest possible reasons for distrusting a meeting with my enemy Screw. He would certainly be made use of by the officers for the purpose of identifying the companions whom he had betrayed; and I had the best reasons in the world to believe that he would rather assist in the taking of me than in the capture of all the rest of the coining gang put together—the doctor himself not excepted. My present costume was of the dandy sort—rather shabby, but gay in color and outrageous in cut. I had not altered it for an artisan's suit in the doctor's house, because I never had any intention

of staying there a day longer than I could possibly help. The apron in which I had wrapped the writing-desk was the only approach I had made towards wearing the honorable uniform of the working man. Would it be wise now to make my transformation complete, by adding to the apron a velvet jacket and a seal-skin cap? No: my hands were too white, my manners too inveterately gentlemanlike, for an artisan disguise. It would be safer to assume a serious character—to shave off my whiskers, crop my hair, buy a modest hat and umbrella, and dress entirely in black. At the first sloop-shop I encountered in the suburbs of the town, I got a carpet-bag and a clerical-looking suit. At the first easy shaving-shop I passed, I had my hair cropped and my whiskers taken off. After that, I retreated again to the country—walked back till I found a convenient hedge down a lane off the high road, changed my upper garments behind it, and emerged, bashful, black, and reverend, with my cotton umbrella tucked modestly under my arm, my eyes on the ground, my head in the air, and my hat off my forehead. When I found two laborers touching their caps to me on my way back to the town, I knew that it was all right, and that I might now set the vindictive eyes of Screw himself safely at defiance.

I had not the most distant notion where I was when I reached the High Street, and stopped at The Green Bull Hotel and Coach-office. However, I managed to mention my modest wishes to be conveyed at once in the direction of Wales, with no more than a becoming confusion of manner. The answer was not so encouraging as I could have wished. The coach to Shrewsbury had left an hour before, and there would be no other public conveyance running in my direction until the next morning. Finding myself thus obliged to yield to adverse circumstances, I submitted resignedly, and booked a place outside by the next day's coach, in the name of the Reverend John Jones. I thought it desirable to be at once unassuming and Welch in the selection of a travelling name, and therefore considered John Jones calculated to fit me, in my present emergency, to a hair.

After securing a bed at the hotel, and ordering a frugal curate's dinner (bit of fish, two chops, mashed potatoes, semolina pudding, half-pint of sherry), I sallied out to look at the town. Not knowing the name of it, and not daring to excite surprise by asking, I found the place full of vague yet mysterious interest. Here I was, somewhere in Central England, just as ignorant of localities as if I had been suddenly deposited in Central Africa; my lively fancy revelled in the new sensation. I invented a name for

the town, a code of laws for the inhabitants, productions, antiquities, chalybeate springs, population, statistics of crime, and so on, while I walked about the streets, looked in at the shop-windows, and attentively examined the Market-place and Town-hall. Experienced travellers, who have exhausted all novelties, would do well to follow my example; they may be certain, for one day at least, of getting some fresh ideas, and feeling a new sensation.

On returning to dinner in the coffee-room, I found all the London papers on the table.

The *Morning Post* happened to lie uppermost, so I took it away to my own seat to occupy the time while my unpretending bit of fish was frying. Glancing lazily at the advertisements on the first page to begin with, I was astounded by the appearance of the following lines at the top of a column:

"If F—K S—TTL—Y will communicate with his distressed and alarmed relatives Mr. and Mrs. B—TT—RB—RY, he will hear of something to his advantage, and may be assured that all will be once more forgiven. A—B—LLA entreats him to write."

What, in the name of all that is most mysterious, does this mean? was my first thought after reading the advertisement. Can Lady Malkinshaw have taken a fresh lease of that impregnable vital tenement at the door of which Death has been knocking vainly for so many years past? (Nothing more likely.) Was my felonious connection with Doctor Knapton suspected? (It seemed improbable.) One thing, however, was certain: I was missed, and the Batterburys were naturally anxious about me—anxious enough to advertise in the public papers. I debated with myself whether I should answer their pathetic appeal or not. I had all my money about me (having never let it out of my own possession during my stay in the red-brick house), and there was plenty of it for the present; so I thought it best to leave the alarm and distress of my anxious relatives unrelieved for a little while longer, and to return quietly to the perusal of the *Morning Post*.

Five minutes of desultory reading brought me unexpectedly to an explanation of the advertisement, in the shape of the following paragraph:

"ALARMING ILLNESS OF LADY MALKINSHAW. —We regret to announce that this venerable lady was seized with an alarming illness on Saturday last, at her mansion in town. The attack took the character of a fit—of what precise nature we have not been able to learn. Her ladyship's medical attendant and near relative, Doctor Softly, was immediately called in, and predicted the most fatal results. Fresh medical

attendance was secured, and her ladyship's nearest surviving relatives, Mrs. Softly, and Mr. and Mrs. Batterbury, of Duskydale Park, were summoned. At the time of their arrival, her ladyship's condition was comatose, her breathing being highly stertorous. If we are rightly informed, Doctor Softly and the other medical gentleman present, gave it as their opinion that if the pulse of the venerable sufferer did not rally in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour at most, very lamentable results might be anticipated. For fourteen minutes, as our reporter was informed, no change took place; but, strange to relate, immediately afterwards her ladyship's pulse rallied suddenly in the most extraordinary manner. She was observed to open her eyes very wide, and was heard, to the surprise and delight of all surrounding the couch, to ask why her ladyship's usual lunch of chicken-broth with a glass of Amontillado sherry was not placed on the table as usual. These refreshments having been produced, under the sanction of the medical gentlemen, the aged patient partook of them with an appearance of the utmost relish. Since this happy alteration for the better, her ladyship's health has, we rejoice to say, rapidly improved; and the answer now given to all friendly and fashionable inquiries is, in the venerable lady's own humorous phraseology, 'Much better than could be expected.'"

Well done, my excellent grandmother! my firm, my unwearied, my undying friend! Never can I say that my case is desperate while you can swallow your chicken-broth and sip your Amontillado sherry. The moment I want money, I will write to Mr. Batterbury, and cut another little golden slice out of that possible three-thousand-pound-cake, for which he has already suffered and sacrificed so much. In the mean time, O venerable protectress of the wandering Rogue! let me gratefully drink your health in the nastiest and smallest half-pint of sherry this palate ever tasted, or these eyes ever beheld!

I went to bed that night in great spirits. My luck seemed to be returning to me; and I began to feel more than hopeful of really discovering my beloved Laura at Crickgelly, under the alias of Miss James. The next morning the Rev. John Jones descended to breakfast, so rosy, bland, and smiling, that the chambermaids simpered as he tripped by them in the passage, and the landlady bowed graciously as he passed her parlor door. The coach drove up, and the reverend gentleman (after waiting characteristically for the woman's ladder) mounted to his place on the roof, behind the coachman. One man sat there who had got up before him—and who should that man be, but the chief of the Bow Street runners, who had rashly tried to take Dr. Knapton into custody!



There could not be the least doubt of his identity; I should have known his face again among a hundred. He looked at me as I took my place by his side, with one sharp searching glance—then turned his head away towards the road. Knowing that he had never set eyes on my face (thanks to the convenient peep-hole at the red-brick house), I thought my meeting with him was likely to be rather advantageous than otherwise. I had now an opportunity of watching the proceedings of one of our pursuers, at any rate,—and surely this was something gained.

"Fine morning, sir," I said, politely.

"Yes," he replied, in the gruffest of monosyllables.

I was not offended; I could make allowance for the feelings of a man who had been locked up by his own prisoner.

"Very fine morning, indeed," I repeated, soothingly and cheerfully.

The runner only grunted this time. Well, well! we all have our little infirmities. I don't think the worse of the man now, for having been rude to me, that morning, on the top of the Shrewsbury coach.

The next passenger who got up and placed himself by my side was a florid, excitable, confused-looking gentleman, excessively talkative and familiar. He was followed by a sulky agricultural youth in top-boots,—and then, the complement of passengers on our seat behind the coachman was complete.

"Heard the news, sir?" said the florid man, turning to me.

"Not that I am aware of," I answered.

"It's the most tremendous thing that has happened these fifty years," said the florid man. "A gang of coiners, sir, discovered at Barkingham—in a house they used to call the Grange. All the dreadful lot of bad silver that's been about, they're at the bottom of. And the head of the gang not taken!—escaped, sir, like a ghost on the stage, through a trap-door, after actually locking the runners into his workshop. The blacksmiths from Barkingham had to break them out; the whole house was found full of iron doors, back staircases, and all that sort of thing, just like the Inquisition. A most respectable man, the original proprietor! Think what a misfortune to have let his house to a scoundrel who has turned the whole inside into traps, furnaces, and iron doors. The fellow's reference, sir, was actually at a London bank, where he kept a first-rate account. What is to become of society? Where is our protection? Where are our characters, when we are left at the mercy of scoundrels? The times are awful—upon my soul, the times we live in are perfectly awful."

"Pray, sir, is there any chance of catching this coiner?" I inquired, innocently.

"I hope so, sir; for the sake of outraged society, I hope so," said the excitable man. "They've printed handbills at Barkingham, offering a reward for taking him. I was with my friend the Mayor, early this morning, and saw them issued. 'Mr. Mayor,' says I, 'I'm going West,—give me a few copies—let me help to circulate them—for the sake of outraged society, let me help to circulate them.' Here they are: take a few, sir, for distribution. You'll see there are three other fellows to be caught besides the principal rascal—one of them a scamp belonging to a respectable family. O! what times! Take three copies, and pray circulate them in three influential quarters. Perhaps that gentleman next you would like a few. Will you take three, sir?"

"No, I won't," said the Bow Street runner, doggedly. "Nor yet one of 'em;—and it's my opinion that the coining-gang would be nabbed all the sooner, if you was to give over helping the law to catch them."

This answer produced a vehement expostulation from my excitable neighbor, to which I paid little attention, being better engaged in reading the handbill. It described the doctor's personal appearance with remarkable accuracy, and cautioned persons in seaport towns to be on the look-out for him. Old File, Young File, and myself were all dishonorably mentioned together in a second paragraph, as runaways of inferior importance. Not a word was said in the handbill to show that the authorities at Barkingham even so much as suspected the direction in which any one of us had escaped. This would have been very encouraging, but for the presence of the runner by my side, which looked as if Bow Street had its suspicions, however innocent Barkingham might be. Could the doctor have directed his flight towards Crickgelly? I trembled internally, as the question suggested itself to me. Surely he would prefer writing to Miss James to join him when he got to a safe place of refuge, rather than encumber himself with the young lady before he was well out of reach of the far-stretching arm of the law. This seemed infinitely the most natural course of conduct. Still, there was the runner travelling towards Wales—and not certainly without a special motive. I put the handbills in my pocket, and listened for any hints which might creep out in his talk; but he perversely kept silent. The more my excitable neighbor tried to dispute with him, the more contemptuously he refused to talk. I began to feel vehemently impatient for our arrival at Shrewsbury; for there only could I hope to discover some-

thing more of my formidable fellow-traveller's plans.

The coach stopped for dinner; and some of our passengers left us, the excitable man with the handbills among the number. I got down, and stood on the doorstep of the inn, pretending to be looking about me, but in reality watching the movements of the runner. Rather to my surprise, I saw him go to the door of the coach, and speak to one of the inside passengers. After a short conversation, of which I could not hear one word, the runner left the coach door and entered the inn, called for a glass of brandy and water, and took it out to his friend, who had not left the vehicle. The friend bent forward to receive it at the window. I caught a glimpse of his face, and felt my knees tremble under me—it was Screw himself!

Screw, pale and haggard-looking, evidently not yet recovered from the effect of my grip on his throat! Screw, in attendance on the runner, travelling inside the coach in the character of an invalid. He must be going this journey to help the Bow Street officers to identify some one of our scattered gang of whom they were in pursuit. It could not be the doctor—the runner could discover him without assistance from anybody. Why might it not be me?

I began to think whether it would be best to trust boldly in my disguise, and my lucky position outside the coach, or whether I should abandon my fellow-passengers immediately. It was not easy to settle at once which course was the safest—so I tried the effect of looking at my two alternatives from another point of view. Should I risk everything, and go on resolutely to Crickgelly, on the chance of discovering that Laura and Miss James were one and the same person—or should I give up on the spot the only prospect of finding my lost mistress, and direct my attention entirely to the business of looking after my own safety? As this latter alternative practically resolved itself into the simple question of whether I should act like a man who was in love, or like a man who was not, my natural instincts settled the difficulty in no time. I boldly imitated the example of my fellow-passengers, and went in to dinner, determined to go on afterwards to Crickgelly, though all Bow Street should be following at my heels.

#### CHAPTER V.

SECURE as I tried to feel in my change of costume, my cropped hair, and my whiskerless cheeks, I kept well away from the coach-window, when the dinner at the inn was over and the passengers were called to take their places again. Thus far—thanks to the strength of my grasp on his neck, which had

left him too weak to be an outside-passenger—Screw had certainly not seen me; and, if I played my cards properly, there was no reason why he should see me before we got to our destination. Throughout the rest of the journey I observed the strictest caution, and fortune seconded my efforts. It was dark when we got to Shrewsbury. On leaving the coach, I was enabled, under cover of the night, to keep a sharp watch on the proceedings of Screw and his Bow Street ally. They did not put up at the hotel; but walked away to a public-house. There, my clerical character obliged me to leave them at the door.

I returned to the hotel to make inquiries about conveyances. The answers informed me that Crickgelly was a little fishing-village, and that there was no coach direct to it, but that two coaches running to two small Welsh towns situated at nearly equal distances from my destination, on either side of it, would pass through Shrewsbury the next morning. The waiter added, that I could book a place—conditionally—by either of these vehicles; and that, as they were always well-filled, I had better be quick in making my choice between them. Matters had now arrived at such a pass, that nothing was left for me but to trust to chance. If I waited till the morning to see whether Screw and the Bow Street runner travelled in my direction, and to find out, in case they did, which coach they took, I should be running the risk of losing a place for myself, and so delaying my journey for another day. This was not to be thought of. I told the waiter to book me a place in which coach he pleased. The two were called respectively *The Humming Bee*, and *The Red Cross Knight*. The waiter chose the latter.

Sleep was not much in my way that night. I rose almost as early as Boots himself—breakfasted—then sat at the coffee-room window looking out anxiously for the two coaches. Nobody seemed to agree which would pass first. Each of the inn servants, of whom I inquired, made it a matter of partisanship, and backed his favorite coach with the most consummate assurance. At last, I heard the guard's horn and the clatter of the horses' hoofs. Up drove a coach—I looked out cautiously—it was the *Humming Bee*. Three outside places were vacant; one behind the coachman; two on the dickey. The first was taken immediately by a farmer, the second—to my unspeakable disgust and terror—was secured by the inevitable Bow Street runner; who, as soon as he was up, helped the weakly Screw into the third place, by his side. They were going to Crickgelly; no doubt of it, now.

I grew mad with impatience for the arrival

of the Red Cross Knight. Half an hour passed—forty minutes—and then I heard another horn and another clatter—and the Red Cross Knight rattled up to the hotel-door at full speed. What if there should be no vacant place for me? I ran to the door with a sinking heart. Outside, the coach was declared to be full.

"There is one inside place," said the waiter, "if you don't mind paying the——" Before he could say the rest, I was occupying the one inside place. I remember nothing of the journey from the time we left the hotel-door, except that it was fearfully long. At some hour of the day with which I was not acquainted (for my watch had stopped for want of winding up), I was set down in a clean little street of a prim little town (the name of which I never thought of asking), and was told that the coach never went any further.

No post-chaise was to be had. With incredible difficulty, I got first a gig, then a man to drive it; and, last, a pony to draw it. We hobbled away crazily from the inn door. I thought of Screw and the Bow Street runner approaching Crickgelly, from their point of the compass, perhaps at the full speed of a good post-chaise—I thought of that, and would have given all the money in my pocket for two hours' use of a fast road-hack.

Judging by the time we occupied in making the journey, and a little also by my own impatience, I should say that Crickgelly must have been at least twenty miles distant from the town where I took the gig. The sun was setting, when we first heard, through the evening stillness, the sound of the surf on the sea-shore. The twilight was falling as we entered the little fishing village, and let our unfortunate pony stop, for the last time, at a small inn door.

The first question I asked of the landlord was, whether two gentlemen (friends of mine, of course, whom I expected to meet) had driven into Crickgelly a little while before me. The reply was in the negative; and the sense of relief it produced seemed to rest me at once, body and mind, after my long and anxious journey. Either I had beaten the spies on the road, or they were not bound to Crickgelly. Any way, I had first possession of the field of action. I paid the man who had driven me, and asked my way to Zion Place. My directions were simple,—I had only to go through the village, and I should find Zion Place at the other end of it.

The village had a very strong smell, and a curious habit of building boats in the street between intervals of detached cottages; a helpless, muddy, fishy little place. I walked through it rapidly; turned inland a few

hundred yards; ascended some rising ground; and discerned, in the dim twilight, four small lonesome villas standing in pairs, with a shed and a saw-pit on one side, and a few shells of unfinished houses on the other. Some madly speculative builder was evidently trying to turn Crickgelly into a watering place.

I made out Number two, and discovered the bell-handle with difficulty, it was growing so dark. A servant maid—corporeally enormous; but, as I soon found, in a totally undeveloped state, mentally—opened the door.

"Does Miss James live here?" I asked.

"Don't see no visitors," answered the large maiden. "'T'other one tried it and had to go away. You go, too."

"'T'other one?" I repeated. "Another visitor? And when did he call?"

"Better than an hour ago."

"Was there nobody with him?"

"No. Don't see no visitors. He went. You go, too."

Just as she repeated that exasperating formula of words, a door opened at the end of the passage. My voice had evidently reached the ears of somebody in the back parlor. Who the person was I could not see, but I heard the rustle of a woman's dress. My situation was growing desperate, my suspicions were aroused, I determined to risk everything, and I called softly, in the direction of the open door, "Laura!"

A voice answered, "Good Heavens! Frank?" It was *her* voice. She had recognized mine. I pushed past the big servant; in two steps I was at the end of the passage; in one more I was in the back parlor.

She was there, standing alone by the side of a table. Seeing my changed costume and altered face, she turned deadly pale, and stretched her hand behind her mechanically, as if to take hold of a chair. I caught her in my arms; but was afraid to kiss her, she trembled so when I only touched her.

"Frank!" she said, drawing her head back. "What is it? How did you find out? O! for mercy's sake, what does it mean?"

"It means, love, that I've come to take care of you for the rest of your life and mine, if you will only let me. Don't tremble—there's nothing to be afraid of! Only compose yourself, and I'll tell you why I am here in this strange disguise. Come, come, Laura!—don't look like that at me. You called me Frank just now for the first time. Would you have done that if you had disliked me or forgotten me?"

I saw her color beginning to come back—the old bright glow returning to the dear dusky cheeks. If I had not seen them so near me, I might have exercised some self-

control; as it was, I lost my presence of mind entirely, and kissed her.

She drew herself away half-frightened, half-confused—certainly not offended, and, apparently, not very likely to faint—which was more than I could have said of her when I first entered the room. Before she had time to reflect on the peril and awkwardness of our position, I pressed the first necessary questions on her rapidly, one after the other.

"Where is Mrs. Baggs?" I asked first.

Mrs. Baggs was the housekeeper.

Laura pointed to the closed folding-doors.

"In the front parlor, asleep on the sofa."

"Have you any suspicion who the stranger was who called more than an hour ago?"

"None. The servant told him we saw no visitors, and he went away without leaving his name."

"Have you heard from your father?"

She began to turn pale again, but controlled herself bravely, and answered in a whisper:

"Mrs. Baggs had a short note from him this morning. It was not dated; and it only said circumstances had happened which obliged him to leave home suddenly, and that we were to wait here till he wrote again, most likely in a few days."

"Now, Laura," I said, as lightly and jestingly as I could, "I have the highest possible opinion of your courage, good sense, and self-control; and I shall expect you to keep up your good reputation in my eyes, while you are listening to what I have now to tell you."

Saying these words, I took her by the hand and made her sit close by me; then, breaking it to her as gently and gradually as possible, I told her all that had happened at the red-brick house since the evening when she left the dinner-table, and we exchanged our parting look at the dining-room door.

It was almost as great a trial to me to speak as it was to her to hear. She suffered so violently, felt such evident misery of shame and terror while I was relating the strange events which had occurred in her absence, that I once or twice stopped in alarm, and almost repented my boldness in telling her the truth. However, fair-dealing with her, cruel as it might seem at the time, was the best and safest course for the future. How could I expect her to put all her trust in me, if I began by deceiving her—if I fell into prevarications and excuses at the very outset of our renewal of intercourse? I went on desperately to the end, taking a hopeful view of the most hopeless circumstances, and making my narrative as mercifully short as possible. When I had done, the poor girl, in the extremity of her forlornness and dis-

tress, forgot all the little maidenly conventionalities and young-lady-like restraints of every-day life, and, in a burst of natural grief, and honest, confiding helplessness, hid her face on my bosom, and cried there as if she were a child again, and I was the mother to whom she had been used to look for comfort.

I made no attempt to stop her tears—they were the safest and best vent for the violent agitation under which she was suffering. I said nothing; words, at such a time as that, would only have aggravated her distress. All the questions I had to ask, all the proposals I had to make, must, I felt, be put off—no matter at what risk—until some later and calmer hour. There we sat together, with one long unsnuffed candle lighting us smokily—with the discordantly-grotesque sound of the housekeeper's snoring in the front room, mingling profanely with the sobs of the weeping girl on my bosom. No other noise, great or small, inside the house or out of it, was audible. The summer night looked black and cloudy through the little back window. I was not much easier in my mind now that the trial of breaking my bad news to Laura was over. That stranger who had called at the house an hour before me, weighed on my spirits. It could not have been Doctor Knappton. He would have gained admission. Could it be the Bow Street runner, or Screw? I had lost sight of them, it was true; but had they lost sight of me?

Laura's grief gradually exhausted itself. She feebly raised her head, and, turning it away from me, hid her face. I saw that she was not fit for talking yet, and begged her to go up-stairs to the drawing-room and lie down a little. She looked apprehensively towards the folding-doors that shut us off from the front parlor.

"Leave Mrs. Baggs to me," I said. "I want to have a few words with her; and, as soon as you are gone, I'll make noise enough here to wake her."

Laura looked at me inquiringly and amazedly. I did not speak again; but gently led her to the door.

As soon as I was alone, I took from my pocket one of the handbills which my excitable fellow-traveller had presented to me, so as to have it ready for Mrs. Baggs the moment we stood face to face. Armed with this ominous letter of introduction, I kicked a chair down against the folding-doors, by way of giving a preliminary knock to arouse the housekeeper's attention. The plan was immediately successful. Mrs. Baggs opened the doors of communication violently—a slight smell of spirits entered the room, and



was followed close by the housekeeper herself, with an indignant face and a disordered head-dress.

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you —" she began; then stopped aghast, looking at me in speechless astonishment.

"I have been obliged to make a slight alteration in my personal appearance, ma'am," said I. "But I am still Frank Softly."

"Don't talk to me about personal appearances, sir," cried Mrs. Baggs, recovering. "What do you mean by being here? Leave the house immediately. I shall write to the Doctor, Mr. Softly, this very night."

"He has no address you can direct to," I rejoined. "If you don't believe me, read that." I gave her the handbill without another word of preface.

Mrs. Baggs looked at it — lost in an instant all the fine color plentifully diffused over her face by sleep and spirits — sat down in the nearest chair with a thump that seemed to threaten the very foundations of Number two, Zion Place, and stared me hard in the face; the most speechless and helpless elderly female I ever beheld.

"Take plenty of time to compose yourself, ma'am," said I. "If you don't see the Doctor again soon under the gallows, you will probably not have the pleasure of meeting with him for some considerable time."

Mrs. Baggs smote both her hands distractedly on her knees, and whispered a devout ejaculation to herself softly.

"Allow me to deal with you, ma'am, as a woman of the world," I went on. "If you will give me half-an-hour's hearing, I will explain to you how I come to know what I do; how I got here; and what I have to propose to Miss Laura and to you."

"If you have the feelings of a man, sir," said Mrs. Baggs, shaking her head, and raising her eyes to heaven, "you will remember that I have nerves, and will not presume upon them."

As the old lady uttered the last words, I thought I saw her eyes turn from heaven, and take the earthly direction of the sofa in the front parlor. It struck me also that her lips looked rather dry. Upon these two hints I spoke.

"Might I suggest some little stimulant?" I asked, with respectful earnestness. "I have heard my grandmother (Lady Malkinshaw) say, that 'a drop in time saves nine.'"

"You will find it under the sofa pillow," said Mrs. Baggs, with sudden briskness. "A drop in time saves nine," — my sentiments, if I may put myself on a par with her ladyship. The liqueur glass, Mr. Softly, is in the backgammon board. I hope her ladyship was well the last time you heard

from her? Suffers from her nerves, does she? Like me, again. In the backgammon-board. O, this news, this awful news!"

I found a bottle of brandy in the place indicated, but no liqueur glass in the backgammon-board. There was, however, a wine-glass, accidentally left on a chair by the sofa. Mrs. Baggs did not seem to notice the difference when I brought it into the back room, and filled it with brandy.

"Take a toothful, yourself," said Mrs. Baggs, lightly tossing off the dram in a moment. "A drop in time, — I can't help repeating it, it's so nicely expressed. Still, with submission to her ladyship's better judgment, Mr. Softly, the question seems now to arise, whether, if one drop in time saves nine, two drops in time may not save eighteen." Here Mrs. Baggs forgot her nerves, and winked.

I returned the wink and filled the glass a second time. "O, this news, this awful news!" said Mrs. Baggs, remembering her nerves again.

Just then I thought I heard footsteps in front of the house; but, listening more attentively, found that it had begun to rain, and that I had been deceived by the pattering of the first heavy drops against the windows. However, the bare suspicion that the same stranger who had called already might be watching the house now, was enough to startle me very seriously, and to suggest the absolute necessity of occupying no more precious time in paying attention to the vagaries of Mrs. Baggs' nerves. It was also of some importance that I should speak to her while she was sober enough to understand what I meant in a general way. Feeling convinced that she was in imminent danger of becoming downright drunk if I gave her another glass, I kept my hand on the bottle, and forthwith told my story over again, in a very abridged and unceremonious form, and without allowing her one moment of leisure for comment on my narrative, whether it might be of the weeping, winking, drinking, groaning, or ejaculating kind. As I had anticipated, when I came to a conclusion, and consequently allowed her an opportunity of saying a few words, she affected to be extremely shocked and surprised at hearing of the nature of her master's pursuits, and reproached me in terms of the most vehement and virtuous indignation for incurring the guilt of abetting them, even though I had done so from the very excusable motive of saving my own life. Having a lively sense of the humorous, I was necessarily rather amused by this; but I began to get a little surprised as well, when we diverged to the subject of the Doctor's escape, on finding that Mrs. Baggs viewed the fact of his run-

ning away to some hiding-place of his own, in the light of a personal insult to his faithful and attached housekeeper.

"It shows a want of confidence in me," said the old lady, "which I may forgive, but can never forget. The sacrifices I have made for that ungrateful man are not to be told in words. The very morning he sent us away here, what did I do? Packed up the moment he said, Go. I had my preserves to pot, and the kitchen chimney to be swept, and the lock of my box hampered into the bargain. Other women in my place would have grumbled—I got up directly, as lively as any girl of eighteen you like to mention. Says he, 'I want Laura taken out of young Softly's way, and you must do it.'—Says I, 'This very morning, sir?'—Says he, 'This very morning.'—Says I, 'Where to?'—Says he, 'As far off as ever you can go; coast of Wales—Crickgelly. I won't trust her nearer; young Softly's too cunning, and she's too fond of him.'—'Any more orders, sir?' says I.—'Yes; take some fancy name—Simpkins, Johnson, Giles, Jones, James,' says he, 'what you like but Knapton; for that scamp Softly will move heaven and earth to trace her.'—'What else?' says I.—'Nothing, but look sharp,' says he. 'And mind one thing, that she sees no visitors, and posts no letters.' Before those last words had been out his wicked lips an hour, we were off. A nice job I had to get her away—a nice job to stop her from writing letters to you—a nice job to keep her here. But I did it; I followed my orders like a slave in a plantation with a whip at his bare back. I've had rheumatics, weak legs, bad nights, and Miss in the sulks—all from obeying the doctor's orders. And what is my reward? He turns coiner, and runs away without a word to me beforehand, and writes me a trumpery note, without a date to it, without a farthing of money in it, telling me nothing! Look at my confidence in him, and then look at the way he's treated me in return. What woman's nerves can stand that? Don't keep fidgeting with the bottle! Pass it this way, Mr. Softly, or you'll break it, and drive me distracted."

"He has no excuse, ma'am," I said. "But will you allow me to change the subject, as I am pressed for time? You appear to be so well acquainted with the favorable opinion which Miss Laura and I entertain of each other, that I hope it will be no fresh shock to your nerves if I inform you, in plain words, that I have come to Crickgelly to marry her."

"Marry her! marry—— If you don't leave off fidgeting with the bottle, Mr. Softly, and change the subject directly, I shall ring the bell."

"Hear me out, ma'am, and then ring if you like. If you persist, however, in considering yourself still the confidential servant of a felon who is now flying for his life, and if you decline allowing the young lady to act as she wishes, I will not be so rude as to hint that—as she is of age—she may walk out of this house with me whenever she likes, without your having the power to prevent her; but, I will politely ask instead, what you would propose to do with her, in the straitened position as to money in which she and you are likely to be placed? You can't find her father to give her to; and, if you could, who would be the best protector for her? The doctor, who is the principal criminal in the eye of the law, or I, who am only the unwilling accomplice? He is known to the Bow Street runners—I am not. There is a reward for the taking of him, and none for the taking of me. He has no respectable relatives and friends, I have plenty. Every way my chances are the best; and consequently I am, every way, the fittest person to trust her to. Don't you see that?"

Mrs. Baggs did not immediately answer. She snatched the bottle out of my hands—drank off another dram, shook her head at me, and ejaculated lamentably: "My nerves, my nerves! what a heart of stone he must have to presume on my poor nerves!"

"Give me one minute more," I went on. "I propose to take you and Laura to-morrow morning to Scotland. Pray don't groan! I only suggest the journey with a matrimonial object. In Scotland, Mrs. Baggs, if a man and woman accept each other as husband and wife, before one witness, it is a lawful marriage; and that kind of wedding is, as you must see plainly enough, the only safe refuge for a bridegroom in my situation. If you consent to come with us to Scotland, and serve as a witness to the marriage, I shall be delighted to acknowledge my sense of your kindness in the eloquent language of the Bank of England, as expressed to the world in general on the surface of a five-pound note."

I cautiously snatched away the brandy bottle as I spoke, and was in the drawing-room with it in an instant. I suppose Mrs. Baggs tried to follow me, for I heard the door rattle, as if she had got out of her chair, and suddenly slipped back into it again. I felt certain of her deciding to help us, if she was only sober enough to reflect on what I had said to her. The journey to Scotland was a tedious, and perhaps a dangerous, undertaking. But I had no other alternative to choose. In those uncivilized days, the Marriage Act had not been passed, and there was no convenient hymeneal registrar in England to change a vagabond runaway couple into a respectable man and wife at a

moment's notice. The trouble and expense of taking Mrs. Baggs with us, I encountered, of course, solely out of regard for Laura's natural prejudices. She had led precisely that kind of life which makes any woman but a bad one morbidly sensitive on the subject of small proprieties. If she had been a girl with a recognized position in society, I should have proposed to her to run away with me alone. As it was, the very defencelessness of her situation gave her, in my opinion, the right to expect from me even the absurdest sacrifices to the narrowest conventionalities. Mrs. Baggs was not quite so sober in her habits, perhaps, as matrons in general are expected to be; but for my particular purpose this was only a slight blemish; it takes so little, after all, to represent the abstract principle of propriety in the short-sighted eye of the world.

As I reached the drawing-room door, I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock! and nothing done yet to facilitate our escaping from Crickgelly to the regions of civilized life the next morning. I was pleased to hear, when I knocked at the door, that Laura's voice sounded firmer as she told me to come in. She was more confused than astonished or frightened when I sat down by her on the sofa, and repeated the principal topics of my conversation with Mrs. Baggs.

"Now, my own love," said I, in conclusion—suiting my gestures, it is unnecessary to say, to the tenderness of my language—"there is not the least doubt that Mrs. Baggs will end by agreeing to my proposals. Nothing remains, therefore, but for you to give me the answer now, which I have been waiting for ever since that last day when we met by the river-side. I did not know then what the motive was for your silence and distress. I know now, and I love you better after that knowledge than I did before it."

Her head dropped into its former position on my bosom, and she murmured a few words, but too faintly for me to hear them.

"You knew more about your father, then, than I did?" I whispered.

"Less than you have told me since," she interposed quickly, without raising her face.

"Enough to convince you that he was breaking the laws," I suggested; "and to make you, as his daughter, shrink honorably from saying Yes to me when we sat together on the river bank?"

She did not answer; but one of her arms, which was hanging over my shoulder, stole round my neck, and clasped it gently.

"Since that time," I went on, "your father has compromised me. I am in some danger, not much, from the law. I have no prospects that are not of the most doubtful kind; and

I have no excuse for asking you to share them, except that I have fallen into my present misfortune through trying to discover and remove the obstacle that kept us apart. If I had not loved you better than every other interest of my life, I should never have tried to contend with that obstacle. If there is any protection in the world that you can turn to, less doubtful than mine, I suppose I ought to say no more, and leave the house. But if there should be none, surely I am not so very selfish in asking you to take your chance with me? I honestly believe that I shall have little difficulty, with ordinary caution, in escaping from pursuit, and finding a safe home somewhere to begin life in again with new interests. Will you share it with me, Laura? I can try no fresh persuasions—I have no right, perhaps, in my present situation, to have addressed so many to you already."

Her other arm stole round my neck; she laid her warm cheek against mine, and whispered,—

"Be kind to me, Frank—I have nobody in the world who loves me but you!"

I felt her tears on my face; my own eyes moistened as I tried to answer her. We sat for some minutes in perfect silence—without moving, without a thought beyond the moment. The rising of the wind, and the splashing of the rain outside, were the first sounds that stirred me into action again.

I summoned my resolution, rose from the sofa, and in a few hasty words told Laura what I proposed for the next day, and mentioned the hour at which I would come in the morning. As I had anticipated, she seemed relieved and reassured at the prospect even of such slight sanction and encouragement on the part of another woman as would be implied by the companionship of Mrs. Baggs on the journey to Scotland. The next and last difficulty I had to encounter was necessarily connected with her father. He had never been very affectionate with her; and he was now, for aught she or I knew to the contrary, parted from her forever. Still, the instinctive recognition of his position made her shrink, at the last moment, when she spoke of him, and thought of the serious nature of her engagement with me. After some vain arguing and remonstrating, I contrived to quiet her scruples, by promising that an address should be left at Crickgelly, to which any second letter that might arrive from the doctor could be forwarded. When I saw that this prospect of being able to communicate with him, if he wrote or wished to see her, had sufficiently composed her mind, I left the drawing-room. It was vitally important that I should get back to the inn and make the necessary arrange-

ments for our departure the next morning, before the primitive people of the place had retired to bed.

As I passed the back parlor-door on my way out, I heard the voice of Mrs. Baggs raised indignantly. The words "bottle!" "audacity!" and "nerves!" reached my ear disjointedly. I called out "Good-bye! till to-morrow;" heard a responsive groan of disgust, then opened the front-door and plunged out into the dark and rainy night.

It might have been the dropping of water from the cottage roofs while I passed through the village, or the groundless alarm of my own suspicious fancy, but I thought I was being followed as I walked back to the inn. Two or three times I turned round abruptly; but if twenty men had been at my heels, it was too dark to see them. I went on to the inn. The people there were not gone to bed; and I sent for the landlord to consult with him about a conveyance. Perhaps it was my suspicious fancy again; but I thought his manner was altered. He seemed half distrustful, half afraid of me, when I asked him if there had been any signs, during my absence, of those two gentlemen, for whom I had already inquired on arriving at his door that evening. He gave an answer in the negative, looking away from me while he spoke. Thinking it advisable, on the whole, not to let him see that I noticed a change in him, I proceeded at once to the question of the conveyance, and was told that I could hire the landlord's light cart, in which he was accustomed to drive to the market town. I appointed an hour for starting the next day, and retired at once to my bed-room. There, my thoughts were anxious enough. I was anxious about Screw and the Bow Street runner. I was uncertain about the Stranger who had called at Number two, Zion Place. I was uncertain even about the landlord of the inn. Never did I know what real suffering from suspense was until that night.

Whatever my apprehensions might have been, they were none of them realized the next morning. Nobody followed me on my way to Zion Place, and no stranger had called there before me a second time, when I made inquiries on entering the house. I met Laura blushing, and Mrs. Baggs impenetrably wrapped up in dignified sulkiness. After informing me with a lofty look that she intended to go to Scotland with us, and to take my five pound note, partly under protest, and partly out of excessive affection for Laura, she retired to pack up. The time consumed in performing this process, and the further delay occasioned by paying small outstanding debts to trades-people, and settling with the owner of the house, detained us till nearly noon

before we were ready to get into the landlord's cart. I looked behind me anxiously at starting, and often afterwards on the road; but never saw anything to excite my suspicions. In settling matters with the landlord over night, I had arranged that we should be driven to the nearest town at which a post-chaise could be obtained. My resources were just as likely to hold out against the expenses of posting, where public conveyances could not be obtained, as against the expense of waiting privately at hotels, until the right coaches might start. According to my calculations, my money would last till we got to Scotland. After that, I had my watch, rings, shirt-pin, and Mr. Batterbury, to help in replenishing my purse. Anxious, therefore, as I was about other things, money matters, for once in a way, did not cause me the smallest uneasiness.

We posted five-and-thirty miles, then stopped for a couple of hours to rest, and wait for a night coach, running northward. On getting into this vehicle we were fortunate enough to find the fourth inside-place not occupied. Mrs. Baggs showed her sense of the freedom from restraint thus obtained by tying a huge red comforter round her head like a turban, and immediately falling fast asleep. This gave Laura and me full liberty to talk as we pleased. Our conversation was for the most part of that particular kind which is not of the smallest importance to any third person in the whole world. One portion of it, however, was an exception to this general rule. It had a very positive influence on my fortunes, and it is, therefore, I hope, of sufficient importance to bear being communicated to the reader.

We had changed horses for the fourth time, had seated ourselves comfortably in our places, and had heard Mrs. Baggs resume the kindred occupations of sleeping and snoring, when Laura whispered to me:

"I must have no secrets, now, from you—must I, Frank?"

"You must have anything you like, do anything you like, and say anything you like. You must never ask leave—but only grant it!"

"Shall you always tell me that, Frank?"

I did not answer in words, but the conversation suffered a momentary interruption. Of what nature susceptible people will easily imagine. As for the hard-hearted, I don't write for them.

"My secret need not alarm you," Laura went on, in tones that began to sound rather sadly; "it is only about a tiny pasteboard box, that I can carry in the bosom of my dress. But it has got three diamonds in it, Frank, and one beautiful ruby. Did you



give me credit for having so much that was valuable about me?—shall I give it you to keep for me?"

I remembered directly Old File's story of Mrs. Knapton's elopement, of the jewels she had taken with her, and of her husband's suspicions that she had kept some of them concealed from him until the day of her death.

"It is your fortune, Laura," I answered; "and I think that its present enviable position in the bosom of your dress is the best that it can possibly occupy. But who gave you these valuable jewels?"

"My mother," said Laura, softly. "I think I told you that I was by her bedside from the time of her illness to the time of her death. She was not very happy with my father—I must say as much as that to make you understand what I am going to tell you. One night, when she knew she was dying, she made me promise beforehand to keep what she was going to say a secret from my father and everybody, except my husband, in case I ever married. She then gave me this little box, and told me never to let it out of my possession, for there were jewels in it worth at least four or five hundred pounds. She said it was all she had to leave me if I was ever unhappy with my father, or if I ever found myself alone and helpless in the world. And then she told me that my father had always suspected her, from the time of my birth, of keeping some of her jewels hidden from him—that she was afraid to tell him she had done it for my sake—and that I was never to let him know it, as I valued her last commands and her dying blessing. I think, Frank, that was all that passed between us; and I know that I have always done as she bade me, since. My father never said so in plain words; but I feel sure, when my mother was gone, he suspected me, as he had suspected her. It was hard to keep my promise sometimes—when I did not know how to value a provision for me, as I value it now. We shan't be quite helpless, Frank, even if your friends won't help you—shall we?"

The relief that I felt after hearing Laura's narrative was not of a nature to be communicated to her. If any unforeseen accident placed me within the gripe of the law, I should not now have the double trial to endure of leaving my wife for a prison, and leaving her helpless. Fearing that she might get some hint of what was passing in my mind, if I allowed her to ask too many questions about our future, I changed the subject as soon as possible.

Morning dawned and found us still awake. The sun rose, Mrs. Baggs left off snoring, and we arrived at the last stage before the coach stopped. I got out to see about some

tea for my travelling companions, and looked up at the outside passengers. One of them, seated in the dickey, looked down at me. He was a countryman in a smock-frock, with a green patch over one of his eyes. Something in the expression of his uncovered eye made me pause—reflect—turn away uneasily—and then look again at him furtively. A sudden shudder ran through me from top to toe; my heart sank; and my head began to feel giddy. The countryman in the dickey was no other than the Bow Street runner.

I kept away from the coach till the fresh horses were on the point of starting, for I was afraid to let Laura see my face, after making that fatal discovery. She noticed how pale I was when I got in. I made the best excuse I could; and gently insisted on her trying to sleep a little after being awake all night. She lay back in her corner; and Mrs. Baggs, comforted with a morning dram in her tea, fell asleep again. I had thus an hour's leisure before me to think what I should do next.

Screw was not in company with the runner this time. He must have managed to identify me somewhere, and the officer doubtless knew my personal appearance well enough now to follow and make sure of me without help. That I was the man whom he was tracking could not be doubted: his disguise and his position on the top of the coach proved it only too plainly. But why had he not seized me at once? Probably, because he had some ulterior purpose to serve, which would have been thwarted by my immediate apprehension. What that purpose was I did my best to fathom, and, as I thought, succeeded in the attempt. What I was to do when the coach stopped was a more difficult point to settle. To give the runner the slip, with two women to take care of, was simply impossible. To treat him as I had treated Screw at the red-brick house was equally out of the question, for he was certain to give me no chance of catching him alone. To keep him in ignorance of the real object of my journey, and thereby to delay his discovering himself and attempting to make me a prisoner, seemed the only plan on the safety of which I could place the smallest reliance. If I had ever had any idea of following the example of other runaway lovers, and going to Gretna Green, I should now have abandoned it. All roads in that direction would betray what the purpose of my journey was if I took them. Some large town in Scotland would be the safest destination that I could publicly advertise myself as bound for. I determined to say that I was going with the two ladies to Edinburgh.

Such was the plan of action which I now adopted. To give any idea of the distracted

condition of my mind at the time when I was forming it, is simply impossible. As for doubting whether I ought to marry at all, under these dangerous circumstances, I must frankly own that I was too selfishly and violently in love to look the question fairly in the face at first. When I subsequently forced myself to consider it, the most distinct project I could frame for overcoming all difficulty was, to marry myself (the phrase is strictly descriptive of the Scotch ceremony) at the first inn we came to, over the Border; to hire a chaise, or take places in a public conveyance to Edinburgh, as a blind; to let Laura and Mrs. Baggs occupy those places; to remain behind myself, and to trust to my audacity and cunning, when left alone, to give the runner the slip. Writing of it now, in cool blood, this seems as wild and hopeless a plan as ever was imagined. But, in the confused and distracted state of all my faculties at that period, it seemed quite easy to execute, and not in the least doubtful as to any one of its probable results.

On reaching the town at which the coach stopped, we found ourselves obliged to hire another chaise for a short distance, in order to get to the starting-point of a second coach. Again we took inside places, and again, at the first stage, when I got down to look at the outside passengers, there was the countryman with the green shade over his eye. Whatever conveyance we travelled by on our northward road, we never escaped him. He never attempted to speak to me, never seemed to notice me, and never lost sight of me. On and on we went, over roads that seemed interminable, and still the dreadful sword of Justice hung always, by its single hair, over my head. My haggard face, my feverish hands, my confused manner, my inexpressible impatience, all belied the excuses with which I desperately continued to ward off Laura's growing fears, and Mrs. Baggs' indignant suspicions. "O! Frank, something has happened! For God's sake, tell me what!"—"Mr. Softly, I can see through a deal board as far as most people. You are following the Doctor's wicked example, and showing a want of confidence in me." These were the remonstrances of Laura and the housekeeper.

At last we got out of England, and I was still a free man. The chaise (we were posting again) brought us into a dirty town, and drew up at the door of a shabby inn. A shock-headed girl received us.

"Are we in Scotland?" I asked.

"Mon! whar' else should ye be?" The accent relieved me of all doubt.

"A private room—something to eat, ready in an hour's time—chaise afterwards to the nearest place from which a coach runs to Edinburgh." Giving these orders rapidly, I

followed the girl with my travelling companions into a stuffy little room: As soon as our attendant had left us, I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and took Laura by the hand.

"Now, Mrs. Baggs," said I, "bear witness—"

"You're not going to marry her now!" interposed Mrs. Baggs, indignantly. "Bear witness, indeed! I won't bear witness till I've taken off my bonnet and put my hair tidy!"

"The ceremony won't take a minute," I answered; "and I'll give you your five-pound note and the key of the door the moment it's over. Bear witness," I went on, drowning Mrs. Baggs' expostulations with the all-important marriage-words, "that I take this woman, Laura Knapton, for my lawful wedded wife."

"In sickness and in health, in poverty and wealth," broke in Mrs. Baggs, determining to represent the clergyman as well as to be the witness.

"Laura, dear," I said, interrupting in my turn, "repeat my words. Say, 'I take this man, Francis Softly, for my lawful wedded husband.'"

She repeated the sentence, with her face very pale, with her dear hand cold and trembling in mine.

"For better for worse," continued the indomitable Mrs. Baggs. "Little enough of the Better, I'm afraid, and Lord knows how much of the Worse!"

I stopped her again with the promised five-pound note and the key of the room-door. "Now, ma'am," said I, "take off your bonnet, and put your hair as tidy as you please."

Mrs. Baggs raised her eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed "Disgraceful!" and flounced out of the room in a passion. Such was my Scotch marriage,—as lawful a ceremony, remember, as the finest family wedding at the largest parish church in all England.

An hour passed; and I had not yet summoned the cruel courage to communicate my real situation to Laura. The entry of the shock-headed servant-girl to lay the cloth, followed by Mrs. Baggs, who was never out of the way where eating and drinking appeared in prospect, helped me to rouse myself. I resolved to go out for a few minutes to reconnoitre, and make myself acquainted with any facilities for flight or hiding which the situation of the house might present. No doubt the Bow Street runner was lurking somewhere; but he must, as a matter of course, have heard or informed himself of the orders I had given relating to our conveyance on to Edinburgh; and, in that case, I was

still no more in danger of his avowing himself and capturing me, than I had been at any previous period of our journey.

"I am going out for a moment, love, to see about the chaise," said I to Laura.

She suddenly looked up at me, with an anxious searching expression. Was my face betraying anything of my real purpose? I hurried to the door before she could ask me a single question.

The front of the inn stood nearly in the middle of the principal street of the town. No chance of giving any one the slip in that direction; and no sign, either, of the Bow Street runner. I sauntered round with the most unconcerned manner I could assume, to the back of the house, by the inn-yard. A door in one part of it stood half-open. Inside was a bit of kitchen-garden, bounded by a paling; beyond that some backs of detached houses; beyond them, again, a plot of weedy ground, a few wretched cottages, and the open, heathery moor. Good enough for running away, but terribly bad for hiding.

I returned disconsolately to the inn. Walking along the passage towards the staircase, I suddenly heard footsteps behind me—turned round, and saw the Bow Street runner (clothed again in his ordinary costume, and accompanied by two strange men) standing between me and the door.

"Sorry to stop you from going to Edinburgh, Mr. Softly," he said. "But you're wanted back at Barkingham. I've just found out what you have been travelling all the way to Scotland for; and I take you prisoner, as one of the coining gang. Take it easy, sir. I've got help, you see; and you can't throttle three men, whatever you may have done at Barkingham with one."

He handcuffed me as he spoke. Resistance was hopeless. I could only make an appeal to his mercy on Laura's account.

"Give me ten minutes," I said, "to break what has happened to my wife. We were only married an hour ago. If she knows this suddenly, it may be the death of her."

"You've led me a nice dance on a wrong scent," answered the runner, sulkily. "But I never was a hard man where women are concerned. Go up-stairs, and leave the door open, so that I can see in through it if I like. Hold your hat over your wrists, if you don't want her to see the handcuffs."

I ascended the first flight of stairs, and my heart gave a sudden bound as if it would burst. I stopped, speechless and helpless, at the sight of Laura standing alone on the landing. My first look at her face told me she had heard all that had passed in the passage. She passionately struck the hat with which I had been trying to hide the handcuffs out of my fingers, and caught me

tightly round the neck, so tight that her grasp actually hurt me.

"I was afraid of something, Frank," she whispered. "I followed you a little way. I stopped here; I have heard everything. Don't let us be parted! I am stronger than you think me. I won't be frightened, I won't cry. I won't alter in any way, if that man will only take me with you!"

It is best for my sake, if not for the reader's, to hurry over the scene that followed. It ended with as little additional wretchedness as could be expected. The runner was resolute about keeping me handcuffed, and taking me back, without a moment's unnecessary waste of time, to Barkingham; but he relented on other points. Where he was obliged to order a private conveyance, there was no objection to Laura and Mrs. Baggs following it. Where we got into a coach, there was no harm in their hiring two inside places. I gave my watch, rings, and last guinea to Laura, enjoining her, on no account, to let her box of jewels see the light until we could get proper advice on the best means of turning them to account. She listened to these and other directions with a calmness that astonished me.

"You shan't say, my dear, that your wife has helped to make you uneasy by so much as a word or a look," she whispered to me, as we left the inn.

And she kept the hard promise implied in that one short sentence throughout the journey. Once only did I see her lose her self-possession. At starting on our way south, Mrs. Baggs—taking the same incomprehensible personal offence at my misfortune which she had previously taken at the doctor's—upbraided me with my want of confidence in her, and declared that it was the main cause of all my present trouble. Laura turned on her as she was uttering the words with a look and a warning that silenced her in an instant:

"If you say another syllable that is n't kind to him, you shall find your way back by yourself!"

The words may not seem of much importance to others; but I thought, as I overheard them, that they justified every sacrifice I had made for my wife's sake.

On our way back, I received from the runner some explanation of his apparently unaccountable proceedings in reference to myself. To go back to the beginning, it turned out that the first act of the officers, on their release from the work-room in the red-brick house, was to institute a careful search for papers in the doctor's study and bedroom. Among the other documents that he had not had time to destroy, was a letter to him from Laura, which they took from one of the

pockets of his dressing-gown. Finding, from the report of the men who had followed the gig, that he had distanced all pursuit, and having therefore no direct clue to his whereabouts, they had been obliged to hunt after him in various directions, on pure speculation. Laura's letter to her father gave the address of the house at Crickgelly; and to this the runner repaired, on the chance of intercepting or discovering any communications which the doctor might make to his daughter, Screw being taken with the officer, to identify the young lady. After leaving the last coach, they posted to within a mile of Crickgelly, and then walked into the village, in order to excite no special attention, should the doctor be lurking in the neighborhood. The runner had tried ineffectually to gain admission as a visitor at Zion Place. After having the door shut on him, he and Screw had watched the house and village, and had seen me approach Number two. Their suspicions were directly excited.

Thus far, Screw had not recognized nor even observed me; but he immediately identified me by my voice, while I was parleying with the stupid servant at the door. The runner, hearing who I was, reasonably enough concluded that I must be the recognized medium of communication between the Doctor and his daughter, especially when he found that I was admitted instantly after calling past the servant to some one inside the house. Leaving Screw on the watch, he went to the inn, discovered himself privately to the landlord, and made sure (in more ways than one, as I conjectured) of knowing when, and in what direction, I should leave Crickgelly. On finding that I was to leave it the next morning, with Laura and Mrs. Baggs, he immediately suspected that I was charged with the duty of taking the daughter to, or near, the place chosen for the father's retreat; and had therefore abstained from interfering prematurely with my movements. Knowing whither we were bound in the cart, he had ridden after us, well out of sight, with his countryman's disguise ready for use in the saddle-bags. Screw, in case of any mistakes or mystifications, being left behind on the watch at Crickgelly. The possibility that I might be running away with Laura had suggested itself to him; but he dismissed it as improbable, first when he saw that Mrs. Baggs accompanied us, and again, when, on nearing Scotland, he found that we did not take the road to Gretna Green. He acknowledged, in conclusion, that he should have followed us to Edinburgh, or even to the continent itself, on the chance of our leading him to the Doctor's retreat, but for the servant-girl at the inn, who had listened

outside the door while our brief marriage ceremony was proceeding, from whom, with great trouble and delay, he had extracted all the information he required. A further loss of half-an-hour's time had occurred while he was getting the necessary help to assist him, in the event of my resisting, or trying to give him the slip, in making me a prisoner. These small facts accounted for the hour's respite we had enjoyed at the inn, and terminated the runner's narrative of his own proceedings.

On arriving at our destination, I was, of course, immediately taken to the gaol. Laura, by my advice, engaged a modest lodging in a suburb of Barkingham. In the days of the red-brick house, she had seldom been seen in the town, and she was not at all known by sight in the suburb. We arranged that she was to visit me as often as the authorities would let her. She had no companion, and wanted none. Mrs. Baggs, who had never forgiven the rebuke administered to her at the starting-point of our journey, left us at the close of it. Her leave-taking was dignified and pathetic. She kindly informed Laura that she wished her well, though she could not conscientiously look upon her as a lawful married woman; and she begged me (in case I got off) the next time I met with a respectable person who was kind to me, to profit by remembering my past errors, and to treat my next benefactress with more confidence than I had treated her.

My first business in the prison was to write to Mr. Batterbury. I had a magnificent case to present to him this time. Although I believed myself, and had succeeded in persuading Laura, that I was sure of being recommended to mercy, it was not the less the fact, that I was charged with an offence still punishable by death in the then barbarous state of the law. I delicately stated just enough of my case to make it vividly clear to the mind of Mr. Batterbury, that my affectionate sister's interest in the contingent reversion was now (unless Lady Malkinshaw perversely and suddenly expired) actually threatened by the Gallows! While calmly awaiting the answer, I was by no means without subjects to occupy my attention when Laura was not at the prison. There was my fellow-workman, Mill (the first member of our society betrayed by Screw), to compare notes with; and there was a certain prisoner who had been transported, and who had some very important and interesting particulars to communicate relative to life and its chances in our felon-settlements at the Antipodes. I talked a great deal with this man, for I felt that his experience might be of the greatest possible benefit to me.



Mr. Batterbury's answer was speedy, short, and punctual. I had shattered his nervous system forever, he wrote, but had only stimulated his devotion to my family, and his Christian readiness to look pityingly on my transgressions. He had engaged the leader of the circuit to defend me, and he would have come to see me but for Mrs. Batterbury, who had implored him not to expose himself to agitation. Of Lady Malkinshaw the letter said nothing; but I afterwards discovered that she was then at Cheltenham, drinking the waters and playing whist in the rudest health and spirits.

It is a bold thing to say, but nothing will ever persuade me that Society has not a sneaking kindness for a Rogue. My father never had half the attention shown to him in his own house which was shown to me in my prison. I have seen High Sheriffs, in the great world, whom my father went to see, give him two fingers; the High Sheriff of Barksdownshire came to see me, and shook hands cordially. Nobody ever wanted my father's autograph — dozens of people asked for mine. Nobody ever put my father's portrait in the frontispiece of a magazine, or described his personal appearance and manners, with anxious elaboration, in the large type of a great newspaper — I enjoyed both these honors. Three official individuals politely begged me to be sure and make complaints if my position was not perfectly comfortable. No official individual ever troubled his head whether my father was comfortable or not. When the day of my trial came, the court was thronged by my lovely country-women, who stood up panting in the crowd and crushing their beautiful dresses, rather than miss the pleasure of seeing the dear Rogue in the dock. When my father once stood on the lecturer's rostrum, and delivered his excellent discourse, called Medical Hints to Maids and Mothers on Tight Lacing and Teething, the benches were left empty by the ungrateful women of England, who were not in the slightest degree anxious to feast their eyes on the sight of a learned adviser and respectable man. If these facts led to one inevitable conclusion, it is not my fault. We Rogues are the spoil children of Society. We may not be openly acknowledged as pets, but we all know, by pleasant experience, that we are treated like them.

The trial was deeply affecting. My defence — or rather my barrister's — was the simple truth. It was impossible to overthrow the facts against us; so we honestly owned that I got into the scrape through love for Laura. My counsel turned this to the best possible sentimental account. He cried; the ladies cried; the jury cried; the judge cried; and Mr. Batterbury, who had desperately come

to see the trial, and know the worst on the spot, sobbed with such prominent vehemence, that I believe him, to this day, to have greatly influenced the verdict. I was strongly recommended to mercy, and got off with fourteen years' transportation. The unfortunate Mill, who was tried after me, with a mere dry-eyed barrister to defend him, was hanged.

With the record of my sentence of transportation, my life as a Rogue ends, and my existence as a respectable man begins. I am sorry to say anything which may offend popular delusions on the subject of poetical justice, but this is strictly the truth.

My first anxiety was about my wife's future. Mr. Batterbury gave me no chance of asking his advice after the trial. The moment sentence had been pronounced, he allowed himself to be helped out of court in a melancholy state of prostration, and the next morning he left for London. I suspect he was afraid to face me; and nervously impatient, besides, to tell Annabella that he had saved the legacy again by another alarming sacrifice. My father and mother, to whom I had written on the subject of Laura, were no more to be depended on than Mr. Batterbury. My father, in answering my letter, told me that he conscientiously believed he had done enough in forgiving me for throwing away an excellent education, and disgracing a respectable name. He added that he had not allowed my letter for my mother to reach her, out of pitying regard for her broken health and spirits; and he ended by telling me (what was perhaps very true) that the wife of such a son as I had been, had no claim upon her father-in-law's protection and help. There was an end, then, of any hope of finding resources for Laura among the members of my own family. The next thing was to discover a means of providing for her without assistance. I had formed a project for this, after meditating over my conversations with the returned transport in Barksdown gaol, and I had taken a reliable opinion on the chances of successfully executing my design from the solicitor who had prepared my defence.

Laura herself was so earnestly in favor of assisting in my experiment, that she declared she would prefer death to its abandonment. Accordingly, the necessary preliminaries were arranged; and, when we parted, it was some mitigation of our grief to know that there was a time appointed for meeting again. Laura was to lodge with a distant relative of her mother's in a suburb of London; was to concert measures with this relative on the best method of turning her jewels into money; and was to follow her convict husband to the Antipodes, under a feigned name, in three months' time. If my family had

not abandoned me, I need not have thus left her to help herself. As it was, I had no choice. One consolation supported me at parting—she was in no danger of persecution from her father. A second letter from him had arrived at Crickgelly, and had been forwarded to the address I had left for it. It was dated Hamburg, and briefly told her to remain at Crickgelly, and expect fresh instructions, explanations, and a supply of money, as soon as he had settled the important business matters which had taken him abroad. His daughter answered the letter, telling him of her marriage, and giving him an address at a post-office to write to, if he chose to reply to her communication. There the matter rested.

What was I to do, on my side? Nothing but establish a reputation for mild behavior. I began to manufacture a character for myself on the first days of our voyage out in the convict-ship; and I landed at the penal settlement with the reputation of being the meekest and most biddable of felonious mankind. After a short probationary experience of such low convict employments as lime-burning and road-mending, I was advanced to occupations more in harmony with my education. Whatever I did, I never neglected the first great obligation of making myself agreeable and amusing to everybody. My social reputation as a good fellow began to stand as high at one end of the world as ever it stood at the other. The months passed more quickly than I had dared to hope. The expiration of my first year of transportation was approaching, and already pleasant hints of my being soon assigned to private service began to reach my ears. This was the first of the many ends I was now working for; and the next pleasant realization of my hopes that I had to expect, was the arrival of Laura.

She came a month later than I had anticipated; but she came, safe and blooming, with upwards of five hundred pounds as the produce of her jewels, and with the old Crickgelly alias of Mrs. James, to prevent any suspicions of the connection between us. Her story (concocted by me before I left England) was, that she was a widow lady, who had come to settle in Australia, and make the most of her little property in the New World. One of the first things Mrs. James wanted was necessarily a trustworthy servant, and she had to make her choice of one among the convicts of good character, to be assigned to private service. Being one of that honorable body myself at the time, it is needless to say that I was the fortunate man on whom Mrs. James' choice fell. The first situation I got in Australia was as servant to my own wife.

Laura made a very indulgent mistress. If she had been mischievously inclined, she might, by application to a magistrate, have had me flogged or set to work in chains on the roads, whenever I became idle or insubordinate, which happened occasionally. But, instead of complaining, the kind creature kissed and made much of her footman by stealth, after his day's work. She allowed him no female followers, and only employed one woman-servant occasionally, who was both old and ugly. The name of the footman was Dear in private and Francis in company; and when the widowed mistress, up-stairs, refused eligible offers of marriage (which was pretty often) the favored domestic in the kitchen was always informed of it, and asked, with the sweetest humility, if he approved of the proceeding.

Not to dwell on this anomalous period of my existence, let me say briefly that my new position with my wife was of the greatest advantage in enabling me to direct in secret the profitable uses to which her little fortune was put. We began, in this way, with an excellent speculation in cattle—buying them for shillings and selling them for pounds. With the profits thus obtained, we next tried our hands at houses—first buying in a small way, then boldly building, and letting again and selling to great advantage. While these speculations were in progress, my behavior in my wife's service was so exemplary, and she gave me so excellent a character when the usual official inquiries were instituted, that I soon got the next privilege accorded to persons in my situation—a ticket-of-leave. By the time this had been again exchanged for a conditional pardon (which allowed me to go about where I pleased in Australia, and to trade in my own name like any unconvicted merchant) our house-property had increased enormously, our land had been sold for public buildings, and we had shares in the famous Emancipist's Bank, which produced quite a little income of themselves.

There was no need to keep the mask on any longer. I threw it off; went through the superfluous ceremony of a second marriage with Laura; took stores in the city; built a villa in the country; and here I am at this present moment of writing, a convict aristocrat—a prosperous, wealthy, highly respectable mercantile man, with two years of my sentence of transportation still to expire. I have a barouche and two bay horses, a coachman and page in neat liveries, three charming children, and a French governess, a boudoir and ladies'-maid for my wife. She is as handsome as ever, but getting a little fat. So am I, as a worthy friend remarked

when I recently appeared holding the plate, at our last charity sermon.

What would my surviving relatives and associates in England say, if they could see me now? I have heard of them at different times and through various channels. Lady Malkinshaw, after living to the verge of a hundred, and surviving all sorts of accidents, died quietly one afternoon, in her chair, with an empty dish before her, and without giving the slightest notice to anybody. Mr. Batterbury, having sacrificed so much to his wife's reversion, profited nothing by its falling in at last. His quarrels with my amiable sister—which took their rise from his interested charities towards me—ended in producing a separation. And, far from saving anything by Annabella's inheritance of her pin-money, he had a positive loss to put up with, in the shape of some hundreds extracted yearly from his income, as alimony to his uncongenial wife. He is said to make use of shocking language, whenever my name is mentioned, and to wish that he had been carried off by the yellow fever before he ever set eyes on the Softly family.

My father has retired from practice. He and my mother have gone to live in the country, near the mansion of the only marquis with whom my father was actually and personally acquainted in his professional days. The marquis asks him to dinner once a-year, and leaves a card for my mother before he

returns to town for the season. The card is placed at the top of the basket on the drawing-room table, all the year round, and is supposed to be privately cleaned at intervals, so as to make it look as if it had been just left. They have a portrait of Lady Malkinshaw in the dining room. In this way, my parents are ending their days contentedly. I can honestly say, that I am glad to hear it.

Doctor Knapton, when I last heard of him, was editing a newspaper in America. He had received several thrashings, had amassed a heap of dollars, and had, consequently, become one of the eminent journalists of the Great Republic. Old File, who shared his flight, still shares his fortunes, being publisher of his newspaper. Young File resumed coining operations in London; and, having braved his fate a second time, threaded his way, in due course, up to the steps of the scaffold. Screw carries on the profitable trade of informer, in London. The dismal disappearance of Mill I have already recorded.

So much on the subject of my relatives and associates. On the subject of myself, I might still write on at considerable length. But, while the libellous title of "A ROGUE'S LIFE" stares me in the face at the top of the page, how can I, as a prosperous and respectable man, be expected to communicate any further autobiographical particulars, in this place, to a discerning public of readers?

**POETICAL TAVERN-SIGNS.**—I send two specimens from this neighborhood, which may, perhaps, be worth inserting in your columns.

The first is from a public-house on the Basingstoke road, about two miles from this town. The sign-board exhibits on one side "the lively effigies" of a grenadier in full uniform, holding in his hand a foaming pot of ale, on which he gazes apparently with much complacency and satisfaction. On the other side are these lines:

"This is the Whitley Grenadier,  
A noted house for famous beer.  
My friend, if you should chance to call,  
Beware and get not drunk withal;  
Let moderation be your guide,  
It answers well whene'er 'tis try'd.  
Then use but not abuse strong beer,  
And don't forget the Grenadier."

The next specimen, besides being of a higher class, has somewhat of an historical interest. In a secluded part of the Oxfordshire hills, at a place called Collins' End, situated between Hardwick House and Coring Heath, is a neat little rustic inn, having for its sign a well-executed portrait of Charles I. There is a tradition that this unfortunate monarch, while residing as a prisoner at Caversham, rode one day,

attended by an escort, into this part of the country, and hearing that there was a bowling-green at this inn, frequented by the neighboring gentry, struck down to the house, and endeavored to forget his sorrows for a while in a game at bowls. This circumstance is alluded to in the following lines, which are written beneath the sign-board:

"Stop, traveller, stop; in yonder peaceful glade  
His favorite game the royal martyr play'd;  
Here, stripp'd of honors, children, freedom,  
rank,  
Drank from the bowl, and bowl'd for what he  
drank;  
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,  
And changed his guinea, ere he lost his  
crown."

The sign, which seems to be a copy from Vandike, though much faded from exposure to the weather, evidently displays an amount of artistic skill that is not usually to be found among common sign-painters. I once made some inquiries about it of the people of the house, but the only information they could give me was that they believed it to have been painted in London. — *Notes and Queries.*

From the Ladies' Companion.

### CETARA.

ONE morning Il Pittore was painting a sky, when La Moglie came into the studio and looked over his shoulder. She saw a small picture just put in, which charmed her. On the sea-shore under the mountains, between great gray precipices, a little white town shining in the last glory of sunset, which flamed broad and rosy through a hollow of the vine-clothed hills.

"Where is it?" said La Moglie.

Thereupon Il Pittore, leaving off painting, began to walk about the studio and talk; using his mahlstick as Madame de Staël used her myrtle-sprig.

"I shall write that down," said La Moglie when he left off, and immediately opening her blotting-book fulfilled her threat. For La Moglie had always her table in a corner of that dear Roman studio.

If you want to see primitive Italian life you should go to Cetara, that little fishing town in the bay of Salerno, about forty miles from Naples. There you would find, among wild and beautiful scenery, a people as wild and beautiful; surely I think derived from some colony of the ancient Greeks who populated those shores.

And you would consider yourself fortunate if you came (as I did, in a *Coricòlo*) over a hill above Salerno, just as the summer evening fell on that magnificent Bay, its lofty cliffs of delicate dove-color richly clothed with trees and shrubs, and that still sea, dyed with rainbow hues by sunset. An hour after my arrival at Salerno I was walking along the sandy beach when I came on three girls bathing, up to their chins in the cool glimmering water. They screamed "*Bel uomo!*" (they say so to the ugliest fellows) "go on, we want to come out!" I "passed on, in artist meditation, fancy-free;" but the next moment one of them, shrieking with laughter, rushed out close to me, and hid herself in a cave of the rocks.

Afterwards I leaned for a long while over the vineyard terrace of the inn, all kinds of gentle pleasant thoughts breathed into me by the delicious balmy night. Overhead glittered the crowding stars that had pierced the purple veils of twilight; I could see the extreme distance, light, aerial, vast, and grand; and nearer, the black rocks and the boats in the silvery water; far out at sea I could hear the sweet and plaintive monotonies of the fishermen singing as they cast their nets.

The next day I met a native of Cetara, a fisherman, who was returning home, and ac-

companied him in his boat. On our way he astonished me by the information he displayed on religious matters. He inquired to what country I belonged; and when I told him I was an Englishman, "Ah!" quoth he, "what a number of saints you produced before that renegade King Henry of yours wrote nonsense in bad Latin about religion."

This man was the eldest son of an ancient and respectable family, quaintly surnamed Ben-in-Casa, fisherman at Cetara, established there from the remotest times, and evidently of Greek origin. I went to his house and lodged there. The whole family, children and grandchildren, numbered forty-eight, the venerable father and mother verging on their hundredth year. They inhabited a little square, built by their own hands—tiny white houses covered with vines. Each household had a dwelling to itself, leaving the parental roof on marriage, all having helped to build the new abode. Their separate worldly possessions appeared to consist of the house, its simple furniture, plenty of homespun linen, their vines, and fishing-nets—only I saw among them some strange old trinkets. The man who had brought me stood eating his supper of salad, and talking to me in my room at night. He told me that none of the family had ever fed on meat, "except," said he, "that a nephew of mine once ate meat on an Easter Sunday, and it made him very ill. I am the only one of us that has a vice—I drink a little wine; no other of the family has ever tasted it."

While he spoke, I heard an odd mysterious murmuring in the next room, and asked my friend what it meant. "That," he said, "is my father and mother saying their prayers, which they never omit." And presently he went away to salute his aged parents, telling me that the whole family observed this affectionate and reverential ceremony, kissing the hands of the patriarchal pair before separating for sleep.

Next morning, before I was dressed (and I am an early bird), the aged paterfamilias was down on the beach by his boat, ready before any of his progeny to start a-fishing. I now saw some others of this interesting family. The nephew that had once eaten meat made his appearance, a lad of eighteen, the noblest embodiment of Greek sculpture one could wish to see! He was nearly naked, his frame powerful yet elegant; his bare feet, that had never worn shoes, or trodden but on sand, were beautiful as a statue's; his skin smooth, without speck, of an orange fairness, blond hair with golden lights, bright blue eyes, red lips, and glittering teeth. One of his sisters, a young maid of sixteen, perfectly resembled him. She



seemed to me like a type of the Greek Minerva, so wonderfully still, so calm, so sweet without smiles. Her face was colored like the autumn yellow-peach of Italy—golden, tinged with rose; her fair burnished tresses were folded wavily back from her statuesque forehead, and knotted thick behind her lovely head.

She was spinning when I saw her first, and her features were motionless as marble; but the deep shadows of her lashes lifted suddenly, and her large eyes burst on me like bits of heaven—so blue, so brimmed with light. She was exceedingly shy, though quiet and grave; and when I wished to sketch her, she blushed, and slipped softly away, while her brother laughed. But I saw her afterwards in a different phase, her consummate form winged with its glorious health and youth, bounding in the Tarentella.

Later in the day, surrounded by young ones, I was sketching a little boy on the beach (pretty child of Nature that he was! naked, but for a quaint morsel of rag that had possibly once been a shirt), when a loud musical maternal cry was heard from the house-tops, calling the tiny truant home to dinner, whereupon all his companions piped out in shrill chorus, "He can't come! *si fa scrivo!*" (He is being written).

I had ordered of the shoemaker a pair of canvas shoes, such as had struck my fancy, and this order speedily became the town-talk. All the children flocked backwards and forwards to see how my new shoes were getting on, and report progress to me. I made my bargain with the artist for a ducat (about 3s.), and gave him a piastre (about 8d. more), but waited in vain for the change; the shoemaker only assumed an extremely knowing grin, while the lookers-on laughed heartily.

In the evening, taking a walk (that I meant to be quiet and solitary), sketch-book in hand, I found myself exciting an extraordinary sensation as I passed through a neighboring village. It seemed that although the beach-folk might have met a

bearded foreigner or two on their sands, those who lived in the upper and inland parts had never before seen a man with such an appendage to his face. They gathered in twos and threes, whispering and pointing; and at length a woman cried out, in their Neapolitan jargon, "*Quillo debb'essere Ghu-deo!*" (that fellow must be a Jew!) "*Si, si,*" said another, "*non e Cristiano di certo.*" These wild and superstitious people began to press on me rather formidably, and the strong man of the place came out and railed at me. I vainly turned round to this strange motley mob, assuring them that I was a Christian, and they might depend on it their saints wore beards. Although somewhat struck and staggered by this assertion they were far from convinced, till, luckily for me, one good fellow among them, who, having been to Naples, boasted better lights, took my part, and succeeded by his more practical eloquence in persuading his neighbors that I was probably quite harmless, notwithstanding that appearances were certainly against me. But for his timely interference I might have been maltreated among them. V—, a Neapolitan painter, afterwards assured me that I had in fact incurred more danger than I had imagined, for the half-barbarous people of many a wild place like this regarded painters as sorcerers. And he told me a tale of an unfortunate brother-artist who chanced to be sketching in some village of the environs of Naples, when a terrible storm, coming on, destroyed the vineyards. A village sage thereupon arose, and suggested the probability of the tempest having been invoked by the magical art of the painter whom they observed sketching there. "*Quillo debb'essere un mago!*" (a necromancer). "See him, how he looks up and then down; he is calling down the storm!" Forthwith they set upon him, and had half killed him before the authorities came to his rescue.

I stayed two or three days at Cetara, which seemed to realize the *Odyssey* to me, and left it with regret, sped on my way by abundant salutations.

"KAMINAGADEYATHOOROSOOMOKANOOGONAGIRA."—In an appeal to the Privy Council from Madras, the above unparalleled long word occurs as the description of an estate. I believe that its extreme length and unpronounceable appearance is without an equal. Can any of your readers acquainted with Indian literature translate it? If so, it would greatly oblige

F. J. G.

I happen to have by me a transcript of the record in which this word occurs; and it is followed immediately by another almost equally astounding, which F. J. G. should, I think, have asked one of your correspondents to translate while about the other. The following is the word: *Arademaravasadelooaradooyou*. They both appear to be names of estates.—*Notes and Queries*.

From *The Spectator*, 29 March.

### PRUSSIAN EXPOSURE OF THE SPY SYSTEM.

SOME time since we stated reasons for believing that the Russian Government employs a very numerous corps of spies, who are scattered in the different countries that are of importance to Russia; and we remarked that the Government would be to a certain extent deluded by the reports of its agents, who would of course seek to represent their own success, and would reject any circumstances throwing doubt upon their efficiency. A very remarkable confirmation of this view was given in that circular of the Russian Government which has been recently issued by order of Alexander the Second, complaining that he has only favorable reports from the departments—nothing but descriptions in the most flourishing tone. A great government, therefore, may deceive itself quite as much as it may inform itself by this system of spying. Since for a purpose so bad it can only employ an inferior class of men, it cannot expect to obtain trustworthy information; its knowledge is filtered through contaminated channels; and instead of being the wiser, it is more misled than it would be by simple ignorance.

The latest disclosure in Prussia exhibits another portion of this spy system as it has been carried on by the Prussian Government; and we may understand that the anatomy of the system, although it may differ in detail, does not differ in its essentials in various countries. The story in Prussia is not entirely new, but it has just been brought out with greater fullness. Volumes calculated to throw light upon the secret history of the different German states have been published, and have been largely purchased; each state prohibiting the volume applicable to itself, but not at all repressing the sale of volumes applicable to its neighbors. The papers, it is understood, had been obtained in some illicit manner: we have an insight into this manner, from the new Prussian story. High in the office of the Finance Minister at Potsdam, is a gentleman who was formerly "a confidential official of secret police." It was to be observed of Hinckeldey, that he combined in a curious manner the offices of policeman and statesman: here we find a detective rising to a high position in the Finance department. This gentleman seems to have been haunted by one Techen, a dependent who had fallen into poverty with old age, and who came to beg assistance. Some feeling for an old comrade, if there was no other reason for buying the silence of the man, induced the officer of the Finance department from time to time to give this man money. The time arrived when the beggar

ceased to beg; he then said that he was engaged in a delicate service at a good salary; and to prove that he was, he showed papers of great importance which were in his possession. The papers turned out to have been stolen from two others of the King's Ministers—his private secretary, M. Niebuhr, and General Gerlach. Among the papers was a report to General Gerlach, by a spy who had been employed in watching all the Prince of Prussia's sayings and doings while on a tour of military inspection; and it was said to have been "full of the most odious incriminations of his Royal Highness." Nothing is said as to the nature of these incriminations. Now let us note what these facts establish. First, they show us that the Prussian Government is actually interwoven with police-officers; that the police-officers again, whether in the police or the highest departments, are personally connected with mercenary spies; that the spies are not only engaged to report upon foreign governments, or private people, but upon the members of the Prussian Royal Family; and lastly, that these low spies are tale-bearers of the most odious kind, and that they betray the very Government that employs them. We need not remark the extreme want of command which this occurrence exposes. With regard to the Prince of Prussia, either the stories are true or they are false: if they are true, he appears to be a person involved in odious if not criminal conduct. From the general character of the Prince, from conduct that he has not concealed, there is every reason to doubt whether any such description of him can be true. The greater probability is that the stories are fabrications, in order that the spies may have something to show for the money paid to them. These Prussian exposures, therefore, give us some insight into the degree in which the system of secret police pervades the administration; into the fatal effect which the poison has upon the Government employing it; and into its tendency to disorganize the political system. There is no reason to suppose that Prussia is worse in this respect than Russia, Austria, or any other Absolutist Government.

On the contrary there is reason to doubt whether agencies of this kind have not been employed by Governments that would scout the name of Absolutist. Another broad fact is conspicuous. The late contest has not been waged only on Turkish and Russian territory; it has, in its moral and political aspect, been European. One policy has succeeded, another has failed. The policy is that essentially connected with the substantial interests of the European states, and with objects that any Government can avow. Partly by accident, partly in consequence of

the working of constitutional methods, a constant light has been thrown on the proceedings of that successful side, civil as well as military. We have had open inquiries, by commissioners and committees; but we have had no necessity to employ spies on the side of the Western alliance. On the other hand we cannot perceive that any kind of advantage has been obtained by the Governments that employ spies. Those Governments have evidently been misled; their spies have drawn upon them great scandal; and we find that they threaten to bring disorganization upon the political system of the countries that employ them. It is far less necessary to enforce this direct moral than to point out the extent to which the system of espionage is employed by certain Governments, and is interwoven with the institutions of those Governments. "What is the most interesting to Englishmen," says the *Times*, "is to find that the spy system on the Continent is no exaggeration of Liberal orators, no dream of popular susceptibility, no usage of the past which has gone never to return." The *Times* is awakening now to a full perception and belief of the facts; and that journal is certainly not less informed than most of our countrymen on such subjects.

From The Press, 29 March.

#### THE PEACE.

It is impossible to pass over in silence the insinuations thrown out in very influential quarters, that if the Peace now on the point of being concluded should prove unsatisfactory, the blame must be thrown on our Allies for their "unwise and undignified demonstrations in favor of peace." By our Allies, we know that France is intended; and we protest against the insinuation as false in itself, as derogatory to the honor of this country, and as directly tending to weaken or break up that alliance which is the best security for the peace of the world.

We see no reason to doubt that the terms of Peace will be otherwise than satisfactory; but if they should prove otherwise, or if they should turn out to be less efficient for settling all disputed points with Russia than we had reason to expect, the cause must be sought much less in the proceedings of the Conference at Paris, than in the preliminary negotiations which led to the Conference. The time for firmness was when the main conditions of arrangement had to be determined. As a principal in the war, England had, at the commencement of the negotiation, a right to expressly set forth the conditions which would satisfy her; but if that opportunity was lost, or if ulterior demands were veiled

under a vague stipulation which might be construed in various ways, and might, or might not, be intended to be enforced, it will be vain for her Government now to defend its neglect by pretending that it was compelled against its will to follow the lead of our great Ally.

The good sense of this country is not likely to be diverted from the true points at issue by such a paltry pretence. It would have been folly to call the Plenipotentiaries together at Paris, without sure and explicit grounds of settlement had first been laid down. Were such grounds determined? If they were not, can our Government escape the blame of having failed to fulfil its first and obvious duty? If they were, how is it that the Ministerial organs are now preparing us to expect an unsatisfactory Peace, and that they directly fasten on the French nation a charge which, if true, must dishonor it, and if false, must inspire it with the strongest feelings of indignation and resentment?

It is thus that in all states of life, men, without foresight and principle, but desirous of veiling their weakness from the eyes of the world, endeavor to escape the responsibility of their acts, charge their failures on their friends, and aggravate the adverse circumstances of their condition a hundred-fold by resorting to slander, that they may escape censure.

It is plain that the plea is put forward on behalf of the Ministers alone. The country is to be disgraced, that they may be shielded. What are those circumstances of our condition which should induce us as a nation to concur in a course which is in itself unwise and undignified? Every representation that our Government is incapable of acting alone, and that it is compelled to assent to whatever course our Ally proposes, is a humiliating confession of national infirmity. If two nations are in alliance, and one proposes a course which is impolitic and dishonorable, while the other proposes a course directly the reverse, is it possible for the latter to yield to the former without such a practical declaration of inferiority as must degrade it in its own esteem, and cast contempt upon it in the eyes of the world?

If the terms of Peace should disappoint the expectations which the Ministers and their adherents have held out, let us yet have the manliness to acknowledge that we have borne a fair and equal part in effecting it. If France has been precipitate, could France compel our Government to be precipitate likewise? What a low estimate must be formed of the national character to suppose that its wounded vanity can be healed by assuring it that in this great matter of European settlement we have been compelled to

play a subsidiary part, and to submit to an arrangement which we know to be impolitic, and think cannot be lasting.

If this tone be persisted in, it will excite a sentiment through the French nation which will effectually dissipate all the happy effects reasonably to be hoped from our intimate alliance with that country and from the general concord of our policy and union of our arms. Let Englishmen ask themselves what would be their feeling if such reflections as are dispersed through this country came to us from the other side of the Channel. Should we bear with patience that a dishonorable Peace was about to be concluded through our impatience of the burdens of the war? Or, if the other line were taken, should we bear to be told that we wished to reject satisfactory terms of peace through a selfish desire to advance our peculiar interests in the East?

This is not the first attempt that has been made to screen our Administration by covert assaults on the Government of France. The object is plainly to throw on our Ally the odium of whatever may prove distasteful to our people when the Treaty of Peace is proclaimed. Against this cowardly policy every man of heart and spirit should exclaim. It misrepresents the feeling of England; and if it did not, it would fasten on her honor a far deeper stain than that which it professes a desire to wipe away.

In the Emperor of the French we have found a wise, faithful, and vigorous ally. While the war lasted, he put forth all the resources of the French empire to make the policy of the Alliance triumphant and successful. It was not his fault that the Administration of this country was less active, nor can it be his fault if on any points during the Conference our Government has taken up an untenable position, and has had to submit to the mortification of having its views over-ruled.

It is probable that the Plenipotentiaries of England have exercised less influence in the Conference than might have been expected from the position of this country. If so, the cause must be found, not in the indifference of our Ally, but in the position which our Government from the first assumed. Having committed itself to proposals of peace, it affected reluctance to proceed with the negotiation. It never gave those cordial and conciliatory assurances which would have been universally accepted as a pledge that it really desired to have a definitive Treaty concluded on the bases it had assented to. If we can trust the reports which have reached us, the English Plenipotentiaries have usually appeared in the unfortunate position of wishing to throw obstacles in the

way of that settlement which it was the purpose of the Conference to effect.

The foreign policy of England at this hour seems tending to a policy of isolation. The sneers of Lord Clarendon have lost to England at Constantinople that influence which it was one object of the war to uphold and strengthen; his unaccountable mismanagement of our relations with America has called forth hostile remonstrance from the Government of that country, while the ill-advised measure of strengthening our West India squadron in the autumn, has had the effect, as we foresaw it would, of vastly augmenting the war navy of the United States. Lastly, at an assembly of the European Powers, Lord Clarendon assumes an attitude, which, if we may credit the representations of his adherents, places him not only in antagonism to the general views of the Conference, but threatens to dissolve our alliance with France. This tendency to isolation may suit the views of some Members of the Cabinet; it may be dignified with the name of independence; but assuredly it does not promise us much advantage, or seem reconcilable with sound statesmanship.

From The Economist, 29 March.

#### THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

THE birth of an heir to the high position which his daring and his abilities have seized for him, cannot fail to have suggested to the breast of Napoleon the Third much deep and anxious reflection as to the means of securing and transmitting to his child the power which he has won; while the combination of this auspicious event with the return of peace, affords a graceful opportunity for inaugurating a generous and sagacious policy, if, indeed, he has any intention of framing such, or any perception of its necessity. The chances against his son's succeeding him are many and obvious; precedent is against it; probability is against it; only by a rare conjunction of wise government and favoring circumstances can these chances be overcome. For two hundred years no son has succeeded his father on the throne of France. For three quarters of a century ruler has followed ruler, and constitution constitution, in that country, till the eye became dazzled and giddy with watching the phantasmagoria of rapidly "dissolving views." No dynasty has lasted beyond eighteen years; only one so long. The Imperial Prince will find two rival Pretenders ready to dispute his crown. In the present unsettled condition of France—a condition which, judging by the past, is likely to continue for at least a generation—a royal minority is all but impossible; and Louis Napoleon, though still only in middle



life, has a damaged constitution, and is not likely to survive till the infant just born is old enough to wield so difficult a sceptre. To secure the throne to the son, therefore, is a problem which will task to the utmost the admitted talents of the father.

Now, with all our present admiration for the Sovereign of France, — for his marvellous aptitude, his singular sagacity, his determined and indomitable will; with all our respect for his judgment in forming the English alliance, and for the unimpeachable loyalty with which he has adhered to it, — we cannot disguise from ourselves that to create and consolidate an hereditary dynasty, a line of policy is indispensable which he has not followed, and qualities which he has not displayed. Only by governing in conformity with the wants and wishes of the nation can his throne become rooted and unassailable. Only by rallying round him the *élite* as well as the more numerical masses of the people, the higher as well as the lower ranks, the intellectual as well as the material elements of national life, can he hope to lay a firm foundation for sure and stable perpetuity. It is idle to suppose that a dynasty from which every man of superior genius or European reputation stands persistently aloof, under which all free speech and all unfettered action are punished and proscribed, and under which only commercial industrial energy is allowed to flourish, can permanently hold its ground; because it is impossible to believe that it *ought*. No nation, great, ambitious, active, intellectual, and vain, will ever consent, as a rule and for generations, to be governed by its third or fourth-rate politicians.

We by no means intend to assert that the Emperor is exclusively, or even principally, responsible for the isolation of all the best and ablest men of France from his administration. We do not say so; we do not think so. It could not be otherwise at first. None of them believed that his rule would last; few of them thought it ought to last. They considered him to be simply selfish, violent, and incapable; he considered them to be mismanagers and marplots, and inveterately hostile to his plans. It is time that both parties should reconsider their reciprocal estimates. It is for the celebrated men of France to reflect whether they might not most effectually serve their country by loyally serving its actual and elected chief, and by thus rescuing themselves and him from the inferior instruments with which he is compelled to govern. It is for him to reflect whether it would not be wise and will not be necessary to make it possible for such men to enter his service, by allowing them to be real ministers, and not mere clerks and amanu-

enses, and by so modifying his system of repression and centralization that such men may uphold it, and administer it conscientiously and without disgrace. Some of them even now, and more probably in a while, would be as willing to govern France under a Napoleon as under an Orleans or a Bourbon, provided they might follow to a certain extent their own ideas, and not be merely the tools of a mind, superior perhaps to theirs in vigor of volition, but inferior in political knowledge and experience: tools to be used while bright, to be thrown aside when blunted, and to be sacrificed when damaged or dirtied by the work they had been forced to do. Whatever estimate we may form of the Emperor's capacities, he can only do a small portion of what has to be done with his own head and his own hands; for the main portion of the acts of government he must employ intermediate agents. If these agents are to do their work well, so as to benefit the country, and to do credit and give strength to his administration, they must be men of no ordinary powers; but no such men will enter the service of any sovereign unless a reasonable degree of freedom of action and of judgment be allowed them.

Again. We are not disposed to blame Louis Napoleon very severely for the restrictions which at the outset he imposed upon the press in France. Restrictions of some sort every government there has found necessary. Few were disposed to deny that after 1848 the violence, the unprincipled character, and the reckless doctrines of the French journals had reached a pitch wholly incompatible, among an excitable people, with the duration of any government or the tranquillity of any society. Certain it is that to the suppression of the freedom of the press we owe the continuance throughout this war of the French and English alliance. Equally certain it is that at first that suppression was indispensable to the establishment and consolidation of Louis Napoleon's administration. But now that he is firmly fixed upon the throne, now that peace is on the eve of restoration, now that society has had time to recover from its panic and to put down its enemies, we can scarcely doubt that some material relaxation of the control hitherto exercised over newspapers and periodicals would be possible and safe. Of course this must go hand in hand with an improved and more liberal system of government altogether. A free press cannot be suffered to co-exist with an administration which no free press could tolerate or defend.

Nor, finally, are we prepared to say that no decent case could be made out for the very limited range of independent action originally allowed to the Senate and the Legislative

Body; but surely the time is now come when this might be amended, and when, especially, some mode of election might be adopted which should render the latter somewhat more of a real representative assembly—a title to which at present it has scarcely the faintest claim. If, as the Emperor affirms and believes, his dynasty is strong in the assent, if not in the warm affections, of the vast majority of the French people; if the course of his government has, on the whole, been in conformity with the requirements and the tastes of the nation; and if society at large is, as we believe, grateful to him for having rescued it from unknown dangers, not the less terrible for being somewhat vague and possibly exaggerated;—then he would have nothing to fear but everything to gain from allowing freer scope to the expression of those wishes and that gratitude. On the whole our conclusion is—and we think few here will dissent from it—that if Louis Napoleon is sincerely and sagaciously bent upon securing his own sceptre to his son, he must retrace those fatal steps towards the destruction of municipal action in France, which, of all his errors, we regard as the most injudicious and indefensible; he must gradually emancipate the press from fetters, which are now gratuitously and mischievously tight; he must extend and realize representative institutions with a cautious hand, but in a hopeful spirit; and he must call to his councils and install in his cabinet the most capable and patriotic politicians of the nation, without grudging the fitting and inevitable price which he will have to pay for securing their cordial and loyal aid.

The conjuncture we conceive to be peculiarly favorable for these tentative steps in the wholesome path of liberal administration. The heart of the people has been softened by the pain-purchased blessing of an *enfant de France*. The heart of the people has been rejoiced and their spirits raised by the successful termination of a war which was always burdensome and never popular. The appetite for material prosperity is enormous and unexampled. The spirit of commercial and industrial enterprise is awakened as it never was before in France. That energy and restlessness which used to vent itself in political disturbances, and which made a strong and stern government so necessary, has taken a new direction, and bids fair to be absorbed, for many years to come, in railroads, in trade, in public works, in agricultural improvements, in the development of colonial resources. A period during which political passions are comparatively torpid and in abeyance, is, of all others, the most safe and suitable for introducing political improvements and relaxing a despotic

grasp. If Napoleon the Third has the wisdom and patriotism to seize the golden opportunity, he may consolidate his own power on the only sure basis of popular well-being, and may give to France the priceless blessing of a stable throne and an enduring system: if not, we cannot expect that his dynasty will, because we do not think it ought to, last.

From The Economist.

#### THE PRUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

It is understood that Prince Frederick of Prussia has formally asked and obtained the sanction of the King to his requesting in marriage the Princess Royal of England. The publicity of this proceeding is supposed to imply a knowledge that the English Court will approve of the union proposed. A choice in every way more suitable and satisfactory, we think, could hardly have been suggested; and we are at a loss to account for the indignation felt or assumed some time ago in one isolated quarter by the rumor that such an alliance was in contemplation. At that time, it is true, Prussia—or rather the Prussian Court—was generally suspected of an unfriendly feeling towards this country, and a leaning towards our enemy. Yet, even then, report affirmed that both Prince Frederick and his father looked with suspicion upon the designs of Russia, and were favorably inclined towards the Western Powers. It would have seemed, therefore, that in proportion to the mischievous effects we felt and apprehended from the family influence brought to bear by Russia upon the mind of the King, should have been the diligence of our endeavors to cultivate to the utmost the friendship of his probable successor. Now, at all events, when the prospect of peace seems certain and immediate, we cannot but rejoice at the announcement of a marriage which will cement our alliance with the second Protestant Power of Europe.

We have spoken on a previous occasion of the difficulties attending the selection of a consort for any member of the Royal Family. Marriage with a subject or with a Catholic Prince is utterly out of the question. Their choice, therefore, is limited in the extreme; and has for the most part been limited to the petty Protestant Princes of Germany. The disadvantages attending this limitation are sufficiently evident, and we do not wish to dwell upon them. We would merely remark that, if nothing else were to be hoped from the marriage in question, it is a matter of no trifling importance to break through the narrow circle by which the matrimonial choice of our Royal Family has hitherto been circumscribed.

There is not, and never can be, any serious

danger lest English politics should be mischievously influenced by the foreign connections of our Royal family; and we think that those who entertain any suspicion of the kind must have formed a very low idea of the character of the British Court and the independence of British statesmen. There is no reason to apprehend lest, in this country, the personal influence of the Sovereign should ever be exerted to the detriment of the public interest. On the other hand, that influence might often be of material service to us in our relations with countries where the supreme power is practically vested in the Crown, and where the individual will of the Monarch determines the policy of his Government. A cordial alliance with Prussia would be for England an acquisition of no trifling importance. It is in the highest degree necessary to us to secure an influence in Germany which would enable us to counteract any future machinations on the part of Russia, whose power in German affairs has been for a long time steadily increasing. In this respect the interests of Prussia are identical with our own. She has far more to fear than we have from the encroachments of her restless and ambitious neighbor. As the most powerful Protestant State in Germany, she is at once our natural ally and the natural leader of by far the greater portion of the German States; with most of which she is moreover connected by the commercial federation of the Zollverein. Her support would enable us to obtain a position and influence in Germany equal, if not superior, to that of Russia. Such influence would be an invaluable acquisition for ourselves, for the German people, and for Europe at large, assuring to us the cordial friendship of a nation united to us by the ties of common blood and common interest, liberating Germany from the baleful ascendancy of the great representative and upholder of despotism, and constituting her a reliable barrier against Russian encroachments to the westward.

Nor must we omit to observe a further advantage to be found in a matrimonial alliance with the Royal Family of Prussia; that there is no fear of its involving us in the insignificant disputes and difficulties of the petty States of Germany. Those most suspicious on this account of "German influence" can have no fault to find with the prospect of a connection with a Royal House at once one of the most powerful and most personally respectable in Europe; though the present occupant of the throne has allowed his many estimable qualities to be obscured by most unprincely feebleness and vacillation. We see, therefore, everything to hope and nothing to fear from the union in question — a union

which ought to be, and we hope will be, among the most popular of the Royal marriages which have ever been contracted in this country.

## 'WARE OF THE BULL.

In our home-field we've got an old Bull.  
When his blood is n't up, and his belly is full,  
His horns you may handle, his tail you may pull,  
His sides with a stick you may trash on:  
You may bully and bait him for hour after hour,  
Not a hoof will he lift, not a horn will he lower,—  
You would think to see him he had n't the power  
So much as to get in a passion.

But if you had seen our old Bull last year,  
When Crimean reports fired off in his ear,  
Made him ramp, and bellow, and stamp, and  
tear,  
You would n't have dared to come near him:  
Old Gordon he gored; balliff Pam, so clever,  
Got nearly toss'd, in the vain endeavor  
To cajole the animal out of his fever,  
And into the stable to steer him.

Little Roebuck, the cow-leech, sharp and 'cute,  
Look'd over the hedge at the angry brute.  
"There's but one thing to tame him," quoth  
he. "To do 't,

Don't try hood-winking or ringing —  
Give the Bull his head: down with gates and  
spikes;  
Let him roar as he pleases and run where he  
likes;  
Never mind whom he charges, or how he strikes,  
Or through whose fields he goes flinging."

No choice had Pam: gave the Bull his head,  
And a mighty rumpus and row he made,  
Assaulted old women, old soldiers dismay'd,  
And Pam, Roebuck's hint developing,  
Every here and there, in the turnips and clover,  
Set up men of straw for the Bull to knock over,  
Which he toss'd and tore, and began to recover,  
By demolishing scarecrows and galloping.

Till he grew again that Bull, on whose brows  
The horns have no power in 'em, more than a  
cow's,

Who goes in the cart, and harrows and ploughs,  
And lets any booby guide him —  
Thus Roebuck's prescription work'd like a  
charm,

The Bull all the summer toil'd on the farm,  
And neither ran rusty nor did any harm,  
Though they never so much as tied him.

So Pam and Panmure and all of 'em said —  
"What fools we were, to have e'er been afraid  
Of a Brute whose wrath is so easily laid,  
And whose eyes there's no danger in blinding;  
The next report that goes off in his ear,  
If he kick up his heels, as he did last year,  
We'll show how little his rage we fear,  
By going on, never minding."

A report in Bull's ear has gone off again,  
The report that McNeill and Tulloch did pen,

(Two Scots, who respect neither manners nor men,  
 Whatever their rank or connection),  
 And our Aircey and Gordons by Hardinge's good grace  
 Dare shake their red coats, and their stars, and gold lace,  
 Right in the Bull's round, ruminant face,  
 Who stands chewing the cud of reflection.  
 Have a care—there is something I fancy I spy—  
 A reddening spark in that cavernous eye,

A nerve in that neck, swelling more and more high,  
 A hoof-twitch, the Bull scarce can stifle.  
 Have a care—or in spite of your sneers and your scorn,  
 Come one stroke of that hoof, or one plunge of that horn,  
 And 't were better for you you had never been born,  
 Than have dared with that same Bull to trifle!  
 — *Punch*, 22 March.

MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF JOHN LOCKE. — In the course of some researches lately among the MSS. in the British Museum, we chanced to light upon a diary of the great John Locke. It is unfortunately the record of one year only, 1679; but it contains notices of some curious things he saw during a short residence in France. — Notes of his reading—of his practice as a physician, including his treatment of himself in a serious illness—also memoranda of his receipts, expenditure, &c. Many of these notes have been made use of in his biography by Lord King. Of the remainder we extract a few, which may prove of interest as slight memorials of the great philosopher. It should be added, that the diary is written on blank leaves attached to a French Almanac for the year 1679.

“Tuesday, Jan. 3.

“*Heralds*. — The *Heralds of France* are but meane, petty tradesmen, commonly chandlers.

“Sat. Feb. 11.

“*Toads*. — In the Isle of Elva, in Italy, there are toads about a foot broad, which the inhabitants will not suffer any one to kill, imagining that they draw to them the venom of the country.

“Sat. March 18.

“*Gold softened*. — M. St. Colombe saw and handled, at Lisbon, gold soe softened, that one could mould and figure it in one's hands like paste. He that was master of this secret was a Portugall, who had learned it in China, where it is kept a great secret.

“Tuesday, April 11.

“*Lice*. — Within this year past were bills set up about Paris, with a privilege for a receipt to kill lice, whereof the Duke of Bouillon had the monopoly, and the bills were in his name.

“Friday, April 14.

“*Angola Wool*. — Mr. Toynard gave me a great piece of Angola wool, with the powder whereof the grandees of the country make a paste, with which they cover themselves all over, and then wash it off: this they say cleanses and refreshes them very much.

“Sat. Nov. 22.

“*Idiosyncrasia*. — My Lady Cooper, upon wearing of perfumed gloves but a few hours, had all her hands and arms as far as they reached, swollen and angry the same night, as if it had been an erysipelas. This redness and heat lasted several days after, with a great itching after eating. This always happens to her on the like occasion.” — *Literary Gazette*.

STRANGE EPITAPHS. — The following combined “bull” and epitaph may amuse your readers. I copied it in April, 1850, whilst on an excursion to explore the gigantic tumuli of New Grange, Dowth, &c.

Passing through the village of Monknewtown, about four miles from Drogheda, I entered a burial-ground surrounding the ivy-clad ruins of a chapel. In the midst of a group of dozen or more tombstones, some very old, all bearing the name of “Kelly,” was a modern upright slab, well executed, inscribed:

“Erected by PATRICK KELLY,  
 Of the Town of Drogheda, Mariner,  
 In Memory of his Posterity.”

“Also the above PATRICK KELLY,  
 Who departed this Life the 12th August, 1844,  
 Aged 60 years.  
 Requiescat in Pace.”

I gave a copy of this to a friend residing at Llanbebbing, Carnarvonshire, who forwarded me the annexed from a tombstone in the parish churchyard there:

“Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.  
 Here lie the Remains of THOMAS CHAMBERS,  
 Dancing Master;  
 Whose genteel address and assiduity  
 in Teaching  
 Recommended him to all that had the  
 Pleasure of his acquaintance.  
 He died June 13, 1765,  
 Aged 31.”

— *Notes and Queries*.